

FEBRUARY 17, 1922

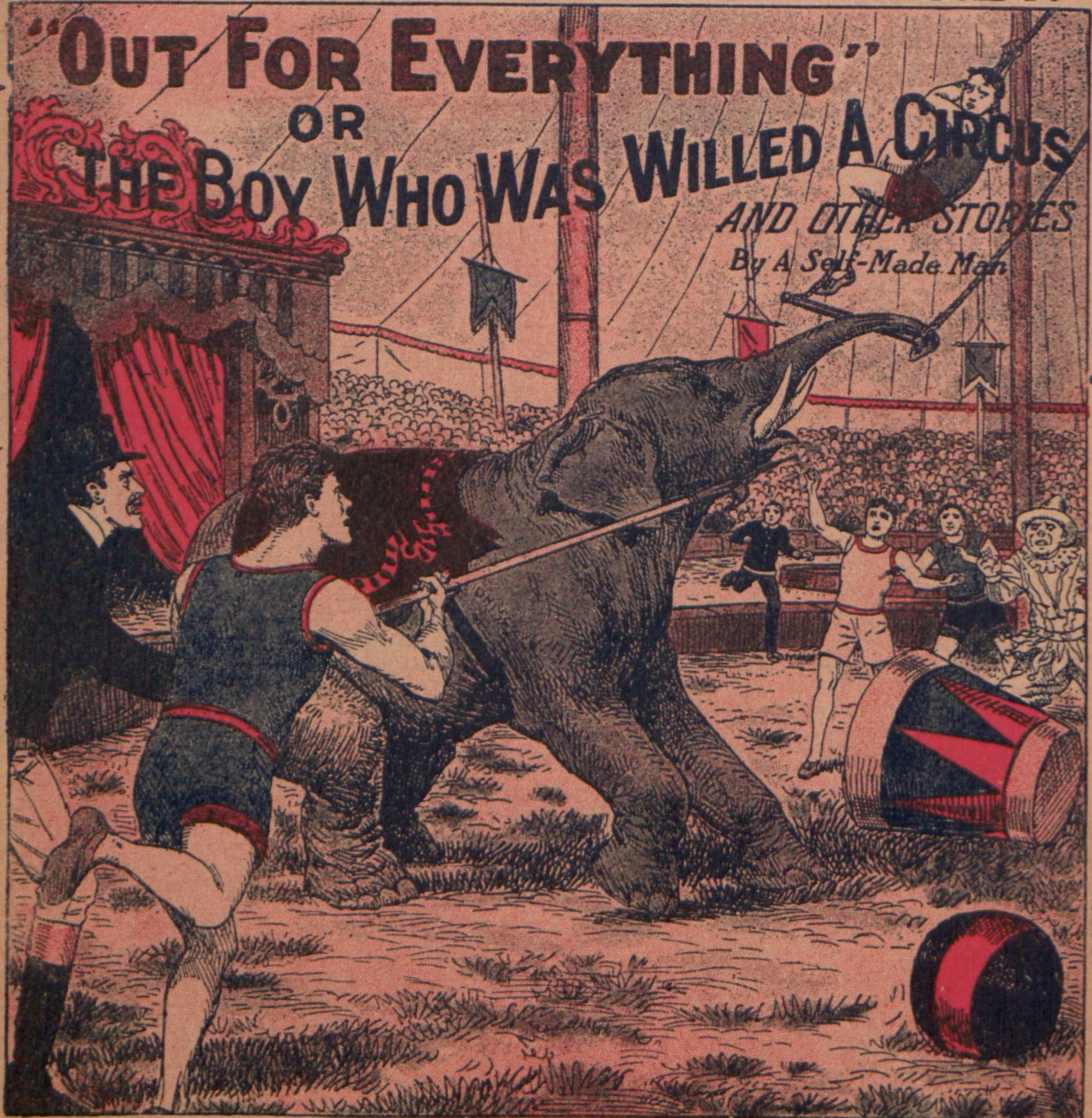
No. 855

FAME
AND

7 Cents

FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.



He miscalculated the reach of the elephant's trunk. The wrathful animal caught the bar and pulled the apparatus toward him. Dick climbed higher, but the powerful beast would have torn the trapeze from its fastenings had not aid arrived.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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No. 855

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 17, 1922

Price 7 Cents

"OUT FOR EVERYTHING"

OR, THE BOY WHO WAS WILLED A CIRCUS

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Trouble At Home.

"Hey, Rube! Hoopla!"

This exclamation proceeded from a good-looking, sharp, intelligent and curly-headed lad of eighteen, who suddenly burst into the living room of a small cottage in the town of Plainville, out West, just as the factory whistles were sounding the noon hour.

"Great Scott, Dick, how you startle one!" cried a pleasant-featured little woman who was setting the table for dinner.

The boy, who was fairly bubbling over with animal spirits, laughed, tossed his cap into a corner, and dropped into the nearest chair.

"Don't sit in that!" cried the woman hastily, raising her hands.

The warning came too late. There was a crash and Dick went to the floor amid the ruins of the chair.

"Wow!" ejaculated the boy, with a comical look of consternation.

"There, you've done it now. I only just glued that chair together a while ago, and it ain't had time to set."

"Neither did I have time to set—sit, I mean," grinned Dick, springing up with great agility. "If it wasn't in shape what did you leave it there for, Mother Jones?"

"There are several other chairs in the room and a lounge. I didn't think you'd pick that one out the first thing when you came into the room. Now it's completely ruined."

"No, it isn't. I can patch it up after dinner. You ought to have tied the legs together after glueing them, and that would have held them more firmly together."

"I ought to have put it out of your reach," said Mrs. Jones ruefully. "I might have known you'd do some mischief the moment you got back from the circus building."

"Oh, come now, you know you think there isn't another boy in town like me, don't you, Mother Jones?"

"Go along with you!" said the woman, trying to push him away as he grabbed her.

"I'm going in a few days as soon as the circus starts out."

"Where's your father?" said the little woman suddenly.

"You mean Mr. Jones? Oh, he's coming. So is the first of May. He stopped to lubricate, as usual, at the corner saloon. He knows that as soon as he gets on the road he'll have to keep

sober, so he's saying farewell several times over to the barkeeper and his cronies. He ought to be here now."

"I am here now, you young imp!" roared a voice from the door. "I overheard what you said about me. How dare you presume to criticize your paternal parent? Just wait till I get hold of you and I'll tickle your hide nicely for you."

As he spoke of Mr. Jones walked unsteadily into the room, inadvertently stepped on one of the rungs of the broken chair, and immediately gave an excellent imitation of a beginner on roller skates, by sliding suddenly forward and landing on his back with a force that shook the room and everything in it. The partly intoxicated man's left leg went up in the air, just grazing the table, and causing his wife to utter an exclamation of dismay, for she thought the plates and other articles were about to be scattered on the floor. The effect of Mr. Jones' downfall on Dick was to cause that lad to roar with glee. There was no particular love lost between the boy and the man who claimed to be his father, but which claim was scouted by Dick for good and sufficient reasons, though he could not actually prove it.

Bill Jones had been a circus man all his life, though his ability had never set the woods on fire. He was a fair bareback rider, and could be counted on to do a single somersault from the springboard over the backs of several horses with an elephant sandwiched in the middle. But that was considered no great feat—he wouldn't have been regarded as a performer if he couldn't do such a stunt as that.

The somersault act was one of the stereotyped acts in the bill, and all the male performers engaged by Cornelious Vanderpotter, proprietor of the Great American Two-Ring Circus, had to fill in at it to give it sufficient eclat. At the present moment Mr. Jones did not look much like an agile circus man. As Dick afterward described the accident to Tommy Smart, he said that Mr. Jones' right foot was lazy, while his left foot was crazy. With a roar of rage the circus man pulled himself on his feet.

"Laughing at me, are you, you young villain!" he cried, glaring at Dick. "I'll learn you a lesson that you won't forget in a hurry. Where's that stick, wife?"

"You're not going to have it to beat Dick with," returned the little woman.

"What's that? I'm not going to have it, eh?"

Madam, do you presume to dictate to me—your lord and master?"

The man, instead of trying to hunt up the stick, snatched up a heavy crockery dish and flung it with all his force at the boy. It went at Dick like a short, straight at his head. Mrs. Jones uttered a scream and recklessly flung herself between the boy and the dish. Fortunately, indeed, she was not as agile as she might have been, for had the dish landed on her head it probably would have killed her.

It was also fortunate for Dick that she sprang to his rescue, for he was so taken by surprise that he didn't have time to dodge, and would assuredly have been put down and out, and this story, in that event, would not have been written. The dish collided with Mrs. Jones' arm and was deflected sufficiently to just graze the boy's head, cutting a gash, however, that brought the blood running down over his forehead. The dish broke a bone in the little woman's arm and cut a wide gash which brought a stream of blood.

The sight of the injury Mother Jones had received in his defense aroused all the anger and indignation Dick was capable of. Nay, more, it threw him off his balance, and he acted as he had never dared do before. Tearing himself loose from the little woman's arms, he seized the stick which stood against the fireplace and dashed at Mr. Jones with flaming eyes and full of business. The man saw him coming, but did not seem to realize what a volcano of concentrated wrath he had aroused into action. Quick as a flash Dick raised the stick and struck at the circus man. He struck with all his might, and he went down like an ox hit in the shambles, and lay as still as a dead man.

CHAPTER II.—Dick Learns a Few Things.

A third scream came from the little woman, and she flew around the table to get between the infuriated boy and her husband, but she was a mile too late.

"Oh, Dick, Dick, what have you done? You have killed him!" she cried, sinking beside the man and raising his head on her lap.

"Have I? Well, I don't care. He nearly killed both of us—the scoundrel! At any rate, look what he did to you. I can stand anything but to have you hurt, mother. That I won't stand if I die for it!" cried Dick, with flashing eyes.

At that moment several neighbors, attracted by the screams of Mrs. Jones, came into the house to find out what was wrong. Dick, who had recovered his senses, told them what had happened. It was soon found that Mr. Jones was not killed, but as there was no way of those present determining how badly he was hurt, a doctor was sent for. The circus man was placed on the lounge to await his coming. As there was a lump and a black and blue mark above the cut on Mrs. Jones' arm, and she was suffering much pain, one of the women hazarded the opinion that her arm was broken. Dick's wound was washed and a piece of court plaster applied by another of the visitors, and he declared he was all right, except for the pain.

Then the doctor came, looked at Jones's head, told him he had had a narrow escape from con-

cussion of the brain, sent out to a drug store for a lotion, and told how it was to be applied. Then his attention was called to Mrs. Jones's arm, and he examined it. He found that a small bone had been broken, and he wasn't sure but the larger one was fractured, though he thought not. He bandaged up her arm, and told her she would have to get along for a few days without using it.

He looked at Dick's wound as well as he could, and said he guessed it was nothing serious and would heal in due time. Then he collected \$1.50 and went away, without inquiring into how the hurts had been received, though from their nature he judged there had been a family fight. One of the neighbors dished up the cooked dinner for the Jones family, with Dick's help, and then left them to eat it. Mr. Jones was sullen and silent, for as his brain cleared he began to understand how he got his wound, and his feelings toward Dick were not improved thereby.

Dick waited with a great deal of attention on his mother, and tried to show his feelings toward her more than was customary with him. After the meal he washed up the dishes. Mr. Jones went back to the saloon to drown his bad humor in a few drinks. Mother Jones was rather solemn, for she realized that the boy she thought so much of had narrowly escaped committing a murder, which, naturally, would have resulted very seriously for him. Dick was solemn, too, for the same reason. When he had cleaned things up, he sat down on the lounge beside his mother and tried to explain the cause of his hasty action.

"I couldn't help it, mother," he said earnestly. "It was all for you. You are my only friend—that is, the only one I would go through fire and water for. Any one who hurts you on purpose hurts me."

"But William didn't intend to hurt me," said the little woman.

"Maybe not; but he hasn't treated you any too well at times, even when he hasn't been drunk. It is a shame the way he sometimes acts. I'd like to know where he would find any one to cater to him like you do. He doesn't know who his real friends are. I'd have done a lot for him if he had treated me right."

"Well, well, it's the way he was brought up, I suppose."

"Then he was brought up in a mighty bad way. I'm glad he isn't my father."

"How do you know he isn't your father?"

"You've as good as admitted that you're not my real mother. Isn't that so?"

The little woman was silent.

"Your silence is an admission. I wish you were my mother, for I love you very dearly."

"Do you, Dick? Do you, really?" she said, drawing him to her.

"I do, though I haven't always been as good to you as I should. I suppose boys don't think what a rumpus they kick up sometimes. I don't claim to be a little tin angel with wings, but I mean right on the whole."

"I'm sure you do, Dick," said the woman fondly.

"Was Mr. Jones married before?" asked the boy suddenly.

"No. We've been married about twenty-five years."

"Then where and how did he get hold of me?"

"I cannot tell you, Dick. That is Williams' secret," said Mrs. Jones, with an effort.

"I've guessed for a long time that he wasn't my father, for he let out things before me when he's been half the seas over that he wouldn't have done if he'd been related to me. Sometimes I've ventured to question him, but I couldn't get anything definite out of him. No matter how drunk he was at the time, he seemed to be foxy enough to keep his secret. I wonder if he stole me from my parents for some reason—say to get square with them for an injury he felt he had sustained at their hands. He's vindictive enough to do a great deal to revenge himself."

"No, Dick, he didn't steal you. He—but I mustn't tell—I really mustn't."

"Well, if you won't tell, you won't. I won't try to force you, for that would get you in more trouble with your husband. Still, I'd like to know. I think I ought to know. A boy has the right to know who his father and mother are."

"They are both dead, Dick," said the little woman sadly.

Dick sat silent for some minutes.

"If they're dead I s'pose it doesn't matter, then, but I ought to know my real name. Some day it might be necessary for me to know it."

"I've written everything down in a letter—your name, who your parents were, who your grandfather is——"

"My grandfather! Is he alive?"

"He is."

"Why hasn't he claimed me?"

"Don't ask me, Dick. He has his reasons, and as he is a very stubborn old man, I fear he will never forgive you."

"Forgive me! What did I do to him?"

"Nothing. It was your mother, his daughter, who went contrary to his express orders and married a—there, I'm letting things out. I must not. At any rate he cast your mother off—drove her from his home, and, I believe, never saw her from that day. I was told he refused to attend her funeral. Your father met with an accident in the ring, and——"

"Was my father a circus performer?" cried Dick eagerly.

Mrs. Jones looked frightened.

"Oh, Dick, please don't ask me."

"But I want to know, mother. Tell me and I will be as mum as a mopstick. I will never breathe the fact to a soul, least of all your husband, I promise you."

The little woman shook her head repeatedly to his appeals, but her resolution finally was not proof against his earnestness, and she admitted that his father was one of the greatest bareback riders of his day—a headliner on the show bills.

"Then Mr. Vanderpotter knew him, for he's been in the business for forty years."

Mrs. Jones gave a gasp and turned white.

"What's the matter, mother? Is your arm hurting you bad? What can I do for you?" cried Dick anxiously.

He sprang up and fetched the smelling salts for her. In a few minutes the little woman recovered her self-possession, but she looked uneasy and nervous.

"So my father was a great equestrian, was he? That accounts for my own proficiency, I suppose. Heavens, I feel right at home on a horse's back. I am doing a number of new stunts at rehearsals this spring that are going to knock the people cold—that's what Billings, the ring-master, told me this morning after I got done. By the way, the main squeeze, that's Vanderpotter, you know, was in the building the other morning when I was rehearsing, and I put on a few extra frills to catch his eye. I saw the main guy watching me. Well, say, his breakfast could not have agreed with him, for he looked as sour as a lime. He ought to have been tickled at the way I went through my act, for I'm one of his headliners this season, but from the look of his face one would think I was putting up something rotten. I saw him turn on his heel and quit the ring room abruptly just when I was doing my prettiest. You can imagine how I felt. Just as if somebody poured ice water down my spine," said Dick.

Mrs. Jones said nothing. At that moment there were footsteps in the hall, and presently Tommy Smart popped his head in at the door.

CHAPTER III.—Mr. Jones Surprises His Family.

"I thought you were coming over to my house this afternoon, Dick?" he said.

"I intended to, but I had to stay home to help my mother because she hurt her arm," replied Dick.

"What happened to her arm?" asked Tommy, looking at the bandage that swathed Mrs. Jones' wounded member.

"Hurt it, I told you."

"Burn it on the stove?" persisted the inquisitive Tommy.

"Say, you want to know too much."

"There isn't any secret about her arm, is there?"

"No, there's a bandage about it."

"Don't be so funny. You're not a clown. You are only a rider."

"Is that so, Tommy Smart? I suppose you think the clown the most important feature of the show?"

"Sure he is. What would a circus be without a clown?"

"Oh, he only fills in the gaps. He's a side issue."

"Get out! Did you hear the new wheeze my dad's got?"

"I didn't know he had anything new, except yourself this season, and you may not last out a week," grinned Dick.

"Say, what are you giving me? My dad has new jokes every season."

"You mean he has old jokes that he shaves the whiskers off of."

"Naw. He has brand-new original ones."

"Who makes them up for him? I never heard him get off anything very striking. I saw several people in the audience go to sleep last season when he began to give his imitation of a clown."

"Oh, fudge! My dad is one of the best clowns in the business."

"You think he is?"

"I know he is. He put the laugh in laughing gas."

"I believe you," chuckled Dick. "Laughing gas always puts people to sleep."

Tommy gasped.

"What's the new wheeze?" said Dick.

"It's a fine one," said Tommy. "Dad pulls a newspaper out of his pocket and pretends to read it. Then he turns to me and says: 'I see the King of Sweden raises prize dogs on his farm.' I says: 'What does he use them for?' 'To drive his Stockholm,' says dad. Ain't that great?"

Dick slipped off the lounge.

"For the love o' Mike! Do you think that will make anybody laugh?" asked Dick.

"Sure. It's bound to go like hot cakes."

"It'll go all right when the Main Squeeze hears you people get it off, and you and your dad may go with it," grinned Dick, getting up.

"I don't think. Come, let's go somewhere."

So Dick and Tommy went out, and where they went does not concern the reader. When the former got back home Mrs. Jones was getting supper as best she could with her right arm, and the help of a little girl from next door. Dick made himself useful in various ways, setting the table and so forth. At last everything was ready to go on the table.

"You didn't see your father while you were out, I suppose?" said Mrs. Jones.

"No, but I met the boss canvasman, and he told me he saw him walking toward Mr. Vanderpotter's house."

"He couldn't have been going to call there," said the little woman, with an uneasy look.

"I shouldn't imagine so, Mother Jones. What business would he have with the Main Squeeze?"

Mrs. Jones looked down at the fire in the stove. At that moment Mr. Jones entered the house with the air of a man who was very well satisfied with himself. He had lost all his moroseness and was in very good humor, indeed. He was also sober, though he had imbibed a number of drinks that afternoon. He hung up his hat, looked askance at his wife and Dick, drew a chair up to a window, took the evening paper from his pocket and began to read.

"Put supper on the table, Dick," said the little woman.

Dick did so in a jiffy.

"Sit up to the table, William," said Mrs. Jones, in a constrained tone.

"Certainly, Maggie," said Mr. Jones cheerfully.

As it was only on rare occasions the circus man called his wife by her own name, the little woman regarded him with surprise and some wonder.

"I wish to apologize for hurting you, old girl," went on Mr. Jones beamingly. "And I'll allow I was a bit hard on Dick. Let's all forget and forgive."

"Holy mackerel!" muttered the boy, "something has happened."

The little woman and Dick both wondered at the circus man's extraordinary good humor, but neither made any remark, and the supper proceeded in silence. After it was over, Mr. Jones lit his pipe and went out to the back door to smoke. This was a customary habit of his.

"Mr. Jones appears to have run against something that pleases him," said Dick to his foster mother.

"Yes. His conduct is very unusual."

"Maybe he's won money at a card game," suggested the boy.

"If he has, I'm afraid he'll be drunk to-morrow."

"He won't wait till to-morrow to blow some of it in at the saloon."

"If he isn't able to attend rehearsal in the morning, he may be discharged."

That was a possibility the little woman always dreaded, notwithstanding that her husband had boasted to her time and again that there wasn't the least danger of his being fired from the show even if he appeared at rehearsal as drunk as a loon. She understood why he felt so confident of sticking to the circus, but she herself was not so certain that his confidence was well founded. Mr. Vanderpotter wasn't the kind of man to be trifled with, and if he had his reasons for standing more from her husband than anybody else, yet that was no evidence that his patience wouldn't come to an end. The greatest surprise of her life was when Mr. Jones came home one day two years since and told her that he had received permission from the old man for Dick to have the run of the show's winter quarters while the circus was on the road that season. On that occasion he had been in a similar good humor.

When she expressed her astonishment that the privilege should have been extended to Dick, of all boys in the world, he grinned, winked his eye, and remarked that the old man would do anything for him. After the circus departed on its tour that spring, the little woman found out from Dick that the run of the winter quarters meant specifically that he could practice horseback riding in the ring whenever he felt disposed, an animal which had been retired from service being placed at his disposal. Mrs. Jones wondered what was going to happen, and her one anxiety all that summer was that she was going to lose "her boy," as she called him. The circus came back, disbanded, and its property came under the charge of the two watchmen, and the men who attended to the welfare of the stock and the menagerie.

Then Mrs. Jones noticed that every afternoon after school and on Saturday Mr. Jones took Dick away with him, and her curiosity being aroused, she discovered that her husband was teaching Dick how to ride, circus fashion, on a horse equipped with a pad. In the course of a month the boy had progressed so far that not only could he jump over banners, and through a hoop, but could turn a somersault on the moving animal. Dick took to his training like a duck to water, and appeared to like it better every day.

In fact, he became so skilful that the pad was done away with and he learned to do all his stunts bareback. Then all at once a companion joined him—little Miss Street, a charming fairy of fifteen years. She was a professional rider, on a pad, and remarkably brilliant for her years. She had been out doing a single turn during the preceding season. Now it appeared arrangements had been made for her to double up with Dick in a new act jointly devised by Mr. Jones

and the ringmaster. She and Dick became friends at once, and they both put all their energies into the act.

Her mother was a skilled rider and had taught her nearly all she knew. Occasionally her mother came to the building to watch her rehearse with Dick, and her educated eye told her that the boy was a born circus rider. She was satisfied that the pair, when they went out the following season, would make a hit, and this proved to be the case. In fact, as the season progressed, they improved their act under the guidance of Mr. Jones and the ringmaster, until they developed quite a startling stunt that caught on like wildfire, and they really became the bright particular stars of the show.

For all that it was noticed that while Mr. Vanderpotter occasionally treated Miss Street with unusual consideration, he never showed the slightest interest in her companion, although Dick was the mainstay of the act. When the show wound up its season, Dick continued practicing bareback riding all winter, with little assistance from Mr. Jones, for that individual could teach him nothing now, as the boy was away ahead of his alleged father's abilities. On the bills for the coming season he was featured as Signor Ricardo, the world-famous equestrian, whose "dazzling, dashing, dizzy, daredevil feats on bareback have astonished and astounded admiring audiences everywhere," with much more to the same effect, emanating from the prolific brain of the overworked press agent.

Those bills were up on the boardings of Plainfield, where the show always gave its first two performances, generally regarded by the management as finished dress rehearsals before starting out, and likewise posted some distance ahead along the route, for the advertising car had been out about eight days. The press agent, who acted as advance agent, would also be ahead a week when the circus got under way. Miss Mabel Street, now sweet sixteen, was to go it alone again this season, but she would have been better pleased had she been permitted to continue as Dick's partner, for what she didn't think of Dick is hardly worth mentioning, and we are bound to say the feeling was reciprocated.

Dick, having been raised in Plainfield, was well known to all the boys in his immediate neighborhood, as well as others who had been his schoolmates at the grammar and high schools of the town. When he took to riding in the ring his reputation naturally widened out, as he was recognized under the name of Dick Swift as Mabel Street's professional partner. He had not yet made his debut as the Signor Ricardo, and so that wonderful rider was generally believed to be some foreign celebrity secured by Mr. Vanderpotter to add strength to his bill, for every year was bringing fresh competition from the touring big three-ring shows that were encroaching on territory that had formerly been almost exclusively his own.

When the name of Dick Dexter failed to appear on any of the show bills, and Mabel Street was advertised for a single turn, his friends asked him if he had quit the business, expressing their wonder thereat. Dick only grinned and refused to satisfy their curiosity, and the boys could not understand how any sane person could

withdraw from the sawdust and spangles, which they regarded as the acme of human ambition. Mr. Jones and Dick continued to talk about the mysterious satisfaction shown by Mr. Jones, until that individual finally knocked the ashes out of his pipe and went over to the saloon to see his cronies.

CHAPTER IV.—The Unexpected Happens to Mr. Jones.

Next morning, as final rehearsals were under way, Bill Jones entered the ring building terribly drunk. He was not only drunk, but very disorderly, and as soon as his condition was observed the other performers avoided him. He walked into the ring while Mabel Street was rehearsing her act, and went up to the ringmaster with his hat tilted on one side of his head, and narrowly escaped being knocked down by the horse as the animal swung around the circle.

"Get out of here, Jones!" roared Billings, in an angry and disgusted tone, when he saw the man's condition.

"Who are you talking to, Jim Billings?" retorted Mr. Jones, trying to steady himself. "Do you know who I am?"

"Throw that man out of the building!" came a deep-toned voice from the door.

Everybody turned and saw Mr. Vanderpotter standing at the entrance, looking as black as a thunder cloud. No one was surprised at the order. Indeed, the ringmaster had been about to order Jones' ejection himself. The voice of the proprietor filled the room like a bass trumpet. Jones easily heard it, and he swung around in a staggering way and looked at the Main Squeeze. Almost anybody else would, under like circumstances, have slunk out of the place and made himself scarce without assistance, for when Vanderpotter spoke he meant to be obeyed.

"Get out of that ring, you drunken loafer!" shouted the proprietor. "I've stood all I'm going to from you. You're discharged, do you understand—discharged. Now leave at once, or I'll call the special officer and put you under arrest!"

Mr. Jones heard every word and understood their meaning, drunk as he was. His astonishment at being addressed in that way by a man he believed he had under his thumb in a way served to partially sober him. He straightened up and glared at the great mogul of the show.

"Did you—hic!—speak to me?" he said.

Two attaches had approached the ringside to execute the order of the boss, but had paused to see if Jones would get out of his own accord, for they could not conceive that any one connected with the show would dare hesitate on the order of his going after what had passed. Mr. Vanderpotter ordered the two men to throw the circus rider out, and tell the officer to arrest him and take him to the station house if he tried to re-enter the building. The stout fellows immediately seized Jones.

He put up a fight at once, but he was hustled along without the least regard for his feelings, and, roaring like a furious bull, he was ignominiously thrown out on the grass at the back door, and while one of the men watched to pre-

vent him from forcing his way back, the other went after the officer. Jones, however, did not try to come back. The mauling and the final shock of ejection sent the liquor seething through his brain and paralyzed it. He rolled about on the grass a few minutes, and then lay still—dead drunk.

The attache reported his condition to Mr. Vanderpotter, and that august personage ordered his late employee to be loaded on a hand cart and taken home. Dick had been a witness of what happened. He was not surprised, for he had long expected it. Mabel Street, whose act had been temporarily stopped, sprang off her horse and, running over to Dick, put both her hands on his shoulders, looked sympathetically into his face, and said:

"I am so sorry!"

"So am I, but it can't be helped. He only got what he deserved. He's fired now at last, and I feel dead sorry for mother," replied Dick.

"Miss Street," roared the deep voice again. "Return to your horse and finish your act!"

The lack of courtesy in the tones of the proprietor made the girl start. She turned and flashed an indignant look at Mr. Vanderpotter, but she nevertheless did not dare hesitate to obey the mandate. She threw back a smile at Dick as she tripped into the ring, and the ringmaster assisted her to mount. As the horse started at the crack of Billings' whip, Mr. Vanderpotter disappeared. For some moments after that the assembled performers talked in low tones about the affair, and many glances were turned on Dick to ascertain how he took his supposed father's dismissal.

Whatever his feelings were on the subject, he gave no evidence of them. He stood by himself until Mabel rejoined him, and they walked away to a quiet corner and sat down. When he was called to go through his act she went away, and so the morning passed over, and shortly after noon Dick was released and went home. He found his mother in the living room cooking dinner, and Mr. Jones snoring like a house afire on the lounge.

The circus man who brought the rider to his house said nothing about his having been discharged, so the little woman did not know that her husband's connection with the show had ceased. She did not even know he had been thrown out of the circus building, but supposed he had gone there intoxicated and had been sent home by the ringmaster, or somebody else in authority under the proprietor. Dick helped put on the dinner and then he and his foster mother sat down to it. Through the meal the circus man slept melodiously on, and he appeared to be good for the rest of the afternoon. Dick helped clear the things away and washed up the dishes, which might seem like a menial occupation for the star equestrian of the Great American Circus, but then it was for his foster mother. About the time he got through, Tommy Smart turned up.

"Here we are again," he grinned.

"I see you are. I hope you won't get stage fright to-morrow afternoon when you make your first appearance as the Boy Clown. Remember, all your friends will be on hand to give you a send-off. I was talking to several of them this morning, and they're just wild to see you in the

ring. The whole push think I'm out of the business this season, and they can't understand it."

"I know it," chuckled Tommy. "They've been asking me the reason, and I wouldn't tell them a word. Oh, my, won't it knock 'em cold when they recognize the Signor Ricardo! They'll have a fit, for they think the signor is some great foreign rider engaged by Mr. Vanderpotter at a princely salary. Say, that was an awful lay-out your dad got this morning. Kind of tough on him to lose his job at the very opening of the season."

"If a man will go and get crazy drunk when his business interests demand that he keep sober, what else can you expect?" replied Dick.

"What do you s'pose he'll do now he's bounced?"

"Look for another job, maybe."

"It's a bad time to pick anything up now. All the shows engaged their people long ago."

"That doesn't say there isn't openings. I'll bet if I looked through this week's *Flipper* I'd find half a dozen or more."

"Say, dad and I rehearsed our skit, the Comic ripples, to-day after you left, and Billings said it's the best thing he's seen in a long time."

"Glad to hear it. I hope you make a hit in it."

"I should snicker. It'll be a regular bull's-eye shot."

"Come on, let's take a stroll. It will be our last in Plainfield for a while to come."

Tommy was agreeable, and off they went together.

CHAPTER V.—Opening of the Season.

Next morning the big top and the side show tent were erected on the lot near the circus building, and as the day was clear and the sun shining brightly, a large crowd was expected at the first performance that afternoon. Everything was in shape to start the ball a-rolling. Mr. Vanderpotter had the circus business down to a fine point, and his organization was complete and efficient in every detail. In the meanwhile, how were things going at the Jones' cottage?

Mr. Jones slept clear through the previous afternoon and well into evening. Nobody interfered with him, and he woke up of his own accord. His brain was still in a muddled condition, and he had no appetite. His wife asked him if he wanted anything to eat, and he said he didn't. He wanted to know what time it was, and when he came home and then he said he was going to bed, and he went. He woke up sober and found Dick and his wife finishing breakfast.

"Why didn't you call me?" he growled.

His eyes were bloodshot and he was in a bad humor.

"I thought you had better sleep as long as you could," replied Mrs. Jones.

"When did I get home?" he asked grouchy.

"About eleven yesterday," said his wife.

"Eleven last night, eh? I don't remember anything of it."

"Not eleven last night, but eleven yesterday forenoon."

"What's that? Eleven yesterday forenoon? What are you giving me? I didn't leave the house till after eight, and as I reckon I got drunk

at the saloon, I couldn't get so b'iling full in two hours that I wouldn't know what I was doing."

"I suppose you remember going to the circus building?" put in Dick.

"Did I go there?"

"Did you! I should think you'd recollect that you did."

"I don't. I don't believe I went there."

"Oh, all right," said Dick, shoving back his chair. "A person I took for you came in there close to eleven and tried to run things. He was thrown out the back door. He was afterward sent home in a cart, and as you were brought home in such a vehicle about that time, I had an idea you were the party."

"Look here, son, don't try to work off any funny business on me. I'm too old a bird to be taken in. I didn't go to the circus. If I had I'd have known it. Anyway, if I'd gone there, drunk or sober, nobody would have thrown me out. Mark that, young fellow! I'm the white-headed boy at the show, and whatever I do is all right."

"I'm afraid you'll find out that you're mistaken," said Dick, putting on his cap and walking out.

Finally the fact presented itself to Jones' mind that this was Saturday, the day the show opened, and that it was necessary for him to be in good shape. Finishing his pipe, he put it in his pocket and, going to the pump in the yard, he soaked his head and face well. The cold water brightened him up, and he re-entered the house to complete his toilet and make himself look presentable. When he came downstairs again he felt all right. He asked his wife how her arm was, and finding it was much improved, he handed her a \$10 bill, his possession of which greatly surprised her, for she could not imagine where he got it.

Coupled with the fact that he managed to get so intoxicated, and had been in such good humor prior to that, she wondered if he had obtained the money of Mr. Vanderpotter. Assuming his customary jaunty air, and noticing that it was nine o'clock, he started for the circus building to look after his horse and see how things were at the building. He saw the big white top gleaming in the sunshine, for it had been put up early, and a host of small and large boys hanging around the back of the circus building where preparations were under way for the parade. Mr. Jones brushed past an attache at the back door and entered the building. But he did not get far before he was seen by the watchful special officer, on the alert lest some boy, or other outsideer, should try to sneak inside the busy building. The man walked up and tapped him on the shoulder.

"You'll have to vamoose the ranch, Jones," he said.

"What's that?" gasped the astonished rider.

"You'll have to get out," repeated the officer.

"Get out! What in Halifax do you mean?"

"You are not connected with the show any longer and I have orders to keep you out."

"I'm not connected with the show?"

"No. The old man discharged you yesterday. I'm sorry for you, but I've got to do my duty. You were a fool to come here in the condition you were in. I never saw you so drunk. You ought to have gone home and sent an excuse—that you were sick. That would have saved you, for you

were not particularly needed at rehearsal. You were doing nothing new this season."

Mr. Jones stood looking around him in a dazed way. He could not believe he had actually been discharged. Why, the old man wouldn't dare discharge him! he thought. He had a life contract with the show—that had been the original understanding between him and Mr. Vanderpotter—the price for his silence upon an important matter, and the care of the incumbrance that went with it.

"I guess there's some mistake," he said, with some bravado in his tone.

"There's no mistake about my orders. You must walk out and stay out. If you think you can patch up the difficulty with the boss, you'd better see him."

"Where is he?"

"In town now. He probably won't be back until the parade is over. Probably the best thing for you to do would be to go to his house about one. He'll be so busy around here that he might not talk to you. When you want a man to do you a favor, always try to catch him under the best conditions. Now go away and keep out of sight till you've settled the matter one way or the other."

The officer's advice was good, and Mr. Jones, though burning with indignation and full of fight, concluded to follow it. He wasn't sorry that he was relieved from parade duty, but he was not wholly at ease about the ultimate result. As he walked away he told himself what he would do in case the big mogul refused to reconsider his action. He would blow the whole secret that existed between him and the circus man. He would show Mr. Vanderpotter up in the worst light he could.

He would have revenge, at any rate, and then he would look for a job elsewhere. If he didn't get other employment, he knew his wife would support him, and she was abundantly able to do that on her savings, and at the close of the season she would collect Dick's salary. He decided to go home and tell his wife the state of affairs, and what it would lead to if the old man did not haul in his horns. When he reached the saloon he resisted the impulse to go in and take a drink, for he knew his weakness, and was afraid he'd take more than one, and he realized that it was absolutely necessary that he should have full command of himself when he interviewed the Main Squeeze.

The parade started in due time, and the glittering pageant passed through the principal streets of Plainfield, with the band playing, flags waving, plumes nodding, the elephant on foot with a howdah on its back occupied by an attache dressed as a rajah, the Numidian lion and the Royal Bengal tiger exposed in their cages, and sundry other features, not to mention the performers, male and female, on horseback in their ring costume.

Nearly everybody has at some time in his life viewed a circus parade, either a big one or a less imposing one, so it is unnecessary to dwell upon it. After going over its route, it returned to the circus lot and disbanded. The performers and attaches got into their ordinary clothes and went to dinner in the temporary dining room in the circus building, with the exception of Dick, Mrs.

Street, her daughter and a few of the non-performers who lived in the town. When Dick entered the house at half-past twelve he found his mother alone, and looking much worked up.

"Your father has been home here some time and going on like a wild man," she said. "He came in as mad as he could be in a sober state an hour or so after he went out this morning, and told me he had been discharged, which I knew, and had been prevented by the special officer from entering the circus building. He denounced Mr. Vanderpotter in a furious way, said he meant to call on him at his house and insist on his reinstatement, and if he was turned down there would be something doing. He went out a few minutes ago to carry out his purpose, and I fear the result," said the little woman nervously.

"Oh, let him go hang! What can he do? If he gets gay with Mr. Vanderpotter, he will surely be arrested and taken to jail, for from the way the boss treated him yesterday it strikes me he is through with him for good," said Dick.

"But you don't understand what William is likely to do."

"What is he likely to do?"

"He will let out something that Mr. Vanderpotter has been keeping secret for many years."

"He will? How came he to be acquainted with such an important matter?"

"It was a private arrangement that Mr. Vanderpotter entered into with him over fifteen years ago. The understanding was that William, if he kept to the agreement, was to have a job as long as Mr. Vanderpotter was in the circus business."

"Is that so?" said Dick, in some surprise. "So that's why Mr. Jones has boasted that he would last as long as the show! Under those conditions maybe the boss will reconsider his action and take him back. He has the reputation of being a man of his word."

"I hope so; but William may spoil everything by threatening him."

"He had better not, for Mr. Vanderpotter won't stand that from anybody. Now let's have dinner. I haven't any too much time. I've got to be ready for the Grand Entree at a few minutes before two," said Dick.

Dinner was dished up and the two sat down to eat it. As soon as he was through, Dick hurried to the lot and entered the dressing room to put on his fleshings and spangled trunk hose. About the same time Mr. Vanderpotter drove up to his house in his buggy to get his lunch. Mr. Jones was waiting for him, and as the circus man got out to open the gate he came forward.

"I understand that you discharged me yesterday when I came to the building under the influence of liquor," he said.

"I did. I have put up with your insolence as long as I'm going to. You have taken advantage of the agreement which existed between us, and I have determined to put an end to it. I have done you several favors not in the contract, but the more I did for you the more insufferable you have become. The day before yesterday you told a person connected with the show that I didn't dare discharge you under any circumstances, for if I did, to use your own words, 'there would be something doing.' I can easily understand what

you referred to. If you had been drunk at the time I might have overlooked your words, but you were sober. Your words implied a challenge. I accept it. You are at liberty to make any disclosures you see fit."

Mr. Jones was taken aback, and he wilted.

"I didn't mean anything when I spoke to Johnson. Take me on again and I won't have anything more to say. You haven't a fault to find with me except that I drink, but I don't touch a drop while the show is on the road."

"No. I never take a man back that I have publicly discharged. You have been of no particular use to the show for the last two or three years. As a rider you are out of date. You can't do anything new. Last season the papers said your act ought to be called in. Well, I have called it in. Your energies this season were to be confined to the usual ground and lofty tumbling, but as matters have turned out you are at liberty to dispose of your services elsewhere."

"Then I am fired for good?" said Mr. Jones sullenly.

"You are. I have no further use for you."

With those words the circus proprietor led his rig into his grounds and closed the gate, leaving his ex-employee standing outside.

"Very well, Mr. Vanderpotter," muttered the circus rider. "Very well. We shall see if you won't take me back."

And he turned on his heel and walked away. All Plainfield apparently turned out that afternoon to see the opening performance of Vanderpotter's Great American Circus, and when two o'clock came the big top was crammed, chiefly with women and children. Large as the crowd was, it was certain to be duplicated that evening when the working people hied themselves to the lot. The menagerie was deserted save by a couple of attendants when the performance began. All the performers, and as many attendants as could be spared, were in the Grand Entree to make its numbers as impressive as possible. Joe Smart, the clown, rode on his educated donkey, with his son behind him. Neither attempted anything to attract attention, for the Entree was merely a kind of equine pageant, consisting of a series of evolutions performed at a slow pace and intended to please the eye and introduce the real business.

While it was on the dressing rooms were deserted, and so was the space between them and the curtained opening.

CHAPTER VI.—Recognition At Last.

When Dick returned to the space behind the curtain he was told that a man sent by Mr. Vanderpotter, who, strange to say, was not at the show that afternoon, which was something so much out of the usual as to occasion a good deal of conjecture, was waiting to see him. The man was pointed out to him, and Dick asked him what he wanted.

"Mr. Vanderpotter sent me to fetch you," he said.

"Sent you to fetch me?" cried Dick, in astonishment. "Who are you?"

"His gardener?"

"Isn't he here on the lot?"

"No. He is very ill, and cannot come."

"Ill, is he? Why, I saw him this morning and there seemed to be nothing the matter with him. He drove into town to attend to business connected with the show. When was he taken sick?"

"Right after lunch. You mustn't tell any one about it. Mr. Vanderpotter doesn't wish the fact to be known. Get into your clothes and come along. I have the buggy outside."

"This is mighty strange," said the boy. "Sure it's me you want?"

"Yes. I know you are Dick Jones."

"I must notify the equestrian director, for my act will come on in half an hour, and I may not be here to go into the ring. I must let Mr. Billings know that I have been called away by Mr. Vanderpotter so he can switch the programme a bit."

"Very well, only don't lose any time about it. My orders from the housekeeper were to get you to the house as soon as possible. She said you must put your street clothes over your costume and come that way."

Dick hurried away, wondering greatly why the old man wanted to see him in such a rush, particularly if he was sick. He thought the business manager was the person who should have been sent for. In fact, it was most extraordinary that Mr. Vanderpotter should wish to see him at all, for he had never spoken to him in his life, and since he had been with the show had not treated him with even common courtesy.

The suspicion grew in the boy's mind that the summons had more to do with his presumed father than himself. He notified the ringmaster that he had been peremptorily sent for by Mr. Vanderpotter, and Billings looked his surprise. Then he hastily put on his street clothes over his costume and rejoined the gardener. They got into the buggy and started off.

"I suppose you haven't any idea what he wants me for?" said Dick.

"Not the slightest. He never tells us anything more than he considers necessary. I should say that it's very important, whatever it is, or he wouldn't send for you under the circumstances."

During the rest of the distance Dick told the man that they had a corking big house that afternoon. The chambermaid admitted Dick and took him into the parlor, where he was presently met by Mrs. Adams, the housekeeper. They had never met before, but Dick noticed that the woman gave him a strange and penetrating look.

"How is Mr. Vanderpotter?" asked the boy.

"He is better, but his case is very serious—very," said the lady solemnly.

"He has sent for me?"

"Yes."

"Have you any idea why?"

"I have a suspicion," she replied, with meaning in her tone.

"It is strange why he should want to see me, particularly under such circumstances. I have never spoken to him in my life, nor he to me. Nor did he even notice me last season when I was out with the show and made something of a hit."

"When Death knocks at our door, it is often accompanied with phantoms of an accusing past,

and Conscience bids us make such amends as lies within our power," said the housekeeper solemnly.

Dick stared at her in astonished perplexity.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I don't quite see your drift," he said.

"It is not for me to explain the meaning of my words. Follow me."

She led the way down the wide hall to the door of the library. Opening it, she entered and said:

"He is here."

Mr. Vanderpotter, stretched out on a handsome lounge, with the doctor close by, made some sign which the housekeeper understood, and she told Dick to enter the room. The boy advanced a few steps and then stopped. The glow of the afternoon sunshine, mellowed by the stained-glass window, shone over his face and person. His curly locks fell about his fine forehead; his handsome eyes rested sympathetically upon the countenance of the stern old circus man; his figure was lithe, erect and manly, with the unconscious poise he assumed on the back of his steed as he swung around the ring just before attempting one of his feats.

At that moment he seemed the picture of his real father, the one-time brilliant equestrian, but his face was the face of his mother, and he never looked more like her than at that moment. The old man looked only at his face with a long, yearning expression in his eyes. The housekeeper looked at Dick and then at the portrait of a lovely woman that hung above the circus man's desk. For over eighteen years that portrait had hung there with its face to the wall. It had been reversed but thirty minutes before, at a sign from the master of the house after giving the order for the summoning of Dick, and during that time the old man had hardly taken his eyes off of it. After looking at the boy for a full minute without a word, he looked again at the portrait. Dick's eyes instinctively followed his, and a sudden thrill ran through his frame as they rested on the woman's face. The painted eyes met his own, and there was a world of expression in them.

Both the housekeeper and the doctor regarded him with keen attention and some expectancy. Mr. Vanderpotter raised the pad and pencil he held in his hands and slowly wrote something. He held the pad toward Dick. The boy advanced respectfully, took it and read the following with an amazement which may be imagined:

"Boy, I am your grandfather. Yonder portrait is that of my only daughter, your mother. Your father was Richard Dexter, equestrian. Both are dead. I have wronged them and you. Forgive a stubborn old man, who, now at death's door, will try and make the only amends he can."

Like a flash all that his foster mother has reluctantly told him the day before passed across Dick's mind. The unforgiving grandfather who had driven his mother from her home for wedding against his wishes was Peter Vanderpotter, proprietor of the Great American Circus. The revelation swept the boy off his feet, so to speak, and for a moment he stood dazed and motionless, as though suddenly transformed into stone by the magical art of some malignant fairy.

Then he caught the old man's gaze fixed on his face. Across the boy's thoughts came the

quotation he had so often written in his copy-book at school years since: "To err is human, to forgive divine."

He walked forward and sank on his knees beside the lounge. Taking the old man's hand in his, he said, in a tone very unlike his usual voice, and which seemed to the stern old circus man to come from the painted lips of the portrait:

"I have nothing to forgive, grandfather, but in doing me the justice of recognition you will have mother's blessing and that of my father, whose spirits doubtless hover about us now."

He pressed the old man's hand to his lips, and the ghost of a smile stole across the rugged features of the circus man—the first suspicion of such a thing that had rested there since the hour he learned of his only child's elopement with the circus rider.

"Bless—you—boy!" he whispered, laying his hand on Dick's head.

At that moment the doorbell rang.

CHAPTER VII.—Dick Becomes Head of the Circus.

The housekeeper immediately left the room, and presently returned with a well-dressed man, who proved to be Mr. Black, the lawyer. He had charge of all of the legal business of the circus as well as being Mr. Vanderpotter's private attorney. Mrs. Adams had apprised him over the phone of his client's precarious condition, and he had brought a clerk with him in case of emergency. Mr. Vanderpotter's eyes lighted up when he saw his old friend the lawyer.

"I am sorry to see you in this state, Mr. Vanderpotter," said the legal gentleman, advancing to the couch.

The circus man nodded and, pointing at Dick, whispered:

"My grandson."

The lawyer raised his eyebrows and looked at the boy.

"He is very like——" then he stopped abruptly. "Glad to know you, young man. Your name is——"

"Richard Dexter," replied the lad, with the proud intonation of one who had come into his own.

"Ah! yes, I remember your father, one of the greatest——" again he paused and glanced doubtfully at the old man.

"It—is—all—right," whispered the circus man. "He—is—my—heir."

"Good!" cried the lawyer, in a tone of satisfaction. "You sent for me to add a codicil to your will."

"Make a new one—short—quick. Everything to the boy except \$5,000 to my housekeeper, and remember the other bequests. But with this proviso—Dick must leave the ring and assume the management of the show if I die," wrote the old man on his pad, which he handed the lawyer.

The lawyer nodded.

"Where is the present will?"

"Safe," wrote the showman. "Open it—find it in inner compartment. Key in drawer. Combination is," and he wrote it down.

"Ask my clerk to step in, Mrs. Adams," said

the lawyer, who at once went to the safe and got the will.

The lawyer spoke to his clerk, who went to the desk, opened his bag and took out some legal paper. The lawyer sat near him and, consulting the former will as he proceeded, began to dictate. After the customary preliminary opening, the lawyer said:

"I devise and bequeath to my housekeeper, Mrs. Jane Adams, the sum of \$5,000," etc., etc.

Then followed a bequest of \$500 to the gardener and \$250 to each of the female servants. To the lawyer himself \$5,000 and certain articles duly mentioned. To the business manager of the show \$2,500. At that moment a paper was handed to the lawyer from the old man which directed him to include Mrs. William Jones, \$500 for each year Dick had lived with her, or about \$8,000 altogether.

There were sundry other bequests, and then came the final one to Richard Dexter, grandson, and only living relative. To him was willed the Great American Circus as it stood, the house and grounds and all the personal property therein contained, all the money in bank, and other personal property of which the testator was possessed at the time of his death, with the proviso that he forever abandon the career of a circus rider, and devote his abilities to the management of the Great American Circus. He was accorded the privilege of selling the show at any time he saw fit, but the testator hoped he would not find it necessary to do so.

The will was read over to the stricken showman, approved of, and the old man signed it in the presence of the two necessary witnesses as required by law, and declared in their presence that it was his last will and testament. The doctor, after another examination of his patient, said that he might possibly pull through, now that he seemed to have relieved his mind of a load, but he would hold out no assurance, for it was his second stroke, and usually they proved fatal.

This statement was made to Dick, the lawyer and the housekeeper, and he advised that a minister be sent for if Mr. Vanderpotter desired to see one. The gardener was despatched to the lot to bring the rest of Dick's clothes to the house, and to stop in at the Jones' cottage and hand Mrs. Jones a note from the boy, apprising her in a few words of what had happened to him, and telling her that he probably would not leave Plainfield that night with the show. The crowd at the afternoon show were disappointed by the non-appearance of the much-advertised Signor Ricardo, but the ringmaster explained that the signor had missed train connections and would be put in the bill later if he arrived. As he did not appear at all, the spectators concluded he had failed to arrive.

The ringmaster received a note from Dick, telling him that he would not do his act that evening, nor would he appear at the show at all. Dick also sent a note to the business manager, stating that Mr. Vanderpotter was critically ill and that he would not be at the lot. He directed him to take full charge of the show and see that it reached Darien, the real opening date of the season, in proper shape. He told him to telegraph the boss of the bill-posting car to put up

no more "Signor Ricardo" paper, as the act had been cut out.

Dick remained with his grandfather except during the time he was at supper. The old man became unconscious at midnight and died at four in the morning. The boy returned to the cottage and found Mrs. Jones in great trouble, for her husband had been arrested at the circus in the act of letting the Royal Bengal tiger out of its cage. His object was clearly to stampede the audience and put the show in a bad hole, for the panic would have resulted in scores of suits for injury, and many persons might also have been killed.

His purpose was frustrated by the watchfulness of an attendant, and his arrest followed. He was now locked up in the station house, and the business manager, in the absence of the proprietor, determined to put him through for his attempted crime. Dick told his foster mother to cheer up, as he was the owner of the show now, and would deal as easily as possible with Mr. Jones. After eating his breakfast he went to a telegraph office and sent the business manager word of Mr. Vanderpotter's death. He added that as the old man's grandson the show had been willed to him, and he would come on and take charge as soon as the funeral was over. Needless to say that the telegram knocked the business manager off his base, and the news, when circulated, had a similar effect on the show people. Dick called on the lawyer at his house, announced the showman's death, and held a consultation about his assumption of the management of the show. Then the matter of Mr. Jones was brought up, and they both called at the station house, where Dick interviewed his foster parent, told him of Mr. Vanderpotter's death, and that the circus had been willed to him, with the residue of the showman's property.

"Then he acknowledged you before he died, son?" said the circus rider.

"He did, and made his will directly afterward."

"I congratulate you on coming into what belongs to you. I hope you will treat me and the old woman right."

"No fear of me not treating mother right. In any case, my grandfather has provided for her in his will."

"Do you mean to say he left her something?"

"He did, in acknowledgment of her care of myself."

"How about me, son? I took care of you, too. And I made a star rider of you. You mustn't forget the obligation. I hope the first thing you will do will be to get me out of this place. It doesn't agree with my constitution."

"My lawyer, formerly Mr. Vanderpotter's, and legal representative of the show, has your case under advisement. I told him to withdraw the charge on your promise to behave yourself hereafter, like a man."

"I'll behave, son. Now that you're the boss of the circus I ain't got anything against it. I was mad at Vanderpotter for going back on me. Now he's dead, that ends matters between him and me. You'll take me on again, won't you?"

"No, Mr. Jones, not after what you've done. It would ruin discipline. I can't afford to have it said that I overlooked such an act as you tried

to commit, even if you have been recognized as my father. Anyway, the people wouldn't associate with you. You'd be cut dead, and you'd find your position so unpleasant that you would be glad to leave before the end of the first week. You can either look for a job elsewhere, or stay home. If you behave yourself, you shall be taken care of; if you don't, you will have cause to regret it," said Dick.

He rejoined the lawyer and they talked the matter over. Mr. Black said the police strongly objected to the withdrawing of the charge against the circus man—they said it was too serious. Had his purpose succeeded, it probably would have led to deplorable results. It was finally decided to persuade Mr. Jones to plead guilty and then induce the judge, if possible, to suspend sentence, subject to his good behavior.

Dick returned home and comforted his foster mother with the assurance that her husband would be taken care of. He helped her get dinner, for her arm was still out of commission, and they talked over his changed condition.

"Don't be afraid you will lose me altogether, mother, for there is no fear of that," he said. "You have been a good mother to me, and I fully appreciate what you have done for me. I should have been away with the show anyhow this summer—you expected that, so my absence during the next six months will be what you have looked forward to. When I return I shall go to live at my own home, and you will see me every day, or hear from me. To you I shall always be the same Dick."

"I believe you, my dear boy, and I rejoice greatly that you have come into your own name, and, now that your grandfather is dead, what is yours by right. From a poor boy you have inherited wealth and a business that ought to add to your financial standing every year if you conduct it on the lines followed by your grandfather, who was a shrewd and successful circus man."

"I expect to make the Great American Circus more popular even than it was under my grandfather's management, and I mean to push it for all it's worth. I'm out for everything, and favored as I am with an efficient executive force, it will be funny if the enterprise does not continue to be a winner."

CHAPTER VIII.—On the Road.

Peter Vanderpotter was buried in the Plainfield cemetery on Tuesday morning. The funeral was attended by many of the important town functionaries, for the late showman had been regarded as an important citizen, and all respect was paid to his memory. The papers gave considerable space to his career. His picture was printed, and so was Dick's, as the new proprietor of the Great American Circus.

The romance that culminated in the elopement of Lena Vanderpotter with the dashing young Richard Dexter, head line bareback rider of the Vanderpotter show, was given in full, and Dick, the fortunate young showman, was alluded to as the issue of that marriage. Shortly after the funeral of his grandfather Dick boarded an express to rejoin the show. He reached the lot at

Sterling after supper, and was welcomed by the business manager, who had been officially informed by Lawyer Black of the boy's accession to the ownership of the show. The other employees took their hats off to him as the new Main Squeeze, and when he appeared among his old comrades the performers, he received an ovation. Dick was delighted to find that the show had drawn a big house that evening. His manager reported that they had turned people away from the afternoon performance.

The same conditions had prevailed in Darien the day before. This was good news to him, for as his expenses were large, it was necessary to have good audiences to even make ends meet. What bothered him most was the fact that the cutting out of his great act had made a gap in the bill which he felt he must fill. It was with some regret that he realized he must ride no more in the ring. He had looked forward to making a big reputation that season, and his ambition was to equal his father's brilliant success.

But his dead grandfather had placed a bar between him and a ring career, and, besides, he could not run the show and perform, too. He was young and enthusiastic, and having been suddenly raised from the position of an employee to that of the boss, the regret he felt at having to sever his connection with the sawdust and spangles was overshadowed by the thrilling sense of proprietorship of the big show. He not only realized that he must sustain his grandfather's reputation, but he felt that with the start that had been given him he must do better still.

He must prove that he was a worthy successor of the old man, and that he resolved to do. That night the show went on to Wakefield, its next stand. It traveled by rail—one long train of flat cars, with three sleepers, two at the end, to accommodate the people, and a kind of caboose behind used by the conductor, in which part of the canvasmen slept—the whole, locomotive excepted, the property of the show. When one came to figure up the amount of capital invested in the Great American Circus, he understood that the young ex-equestrian had come into a mighty big legacy. And a mighty big responsibility as well. It is not enough for the chief of a modern circus that he be a shrewd business man and a wide-awake amusement manager.

He must have as well qualities that help to make a successful military commander. There must be tact and discipline to control the bunch of people going with the show; there must be the mind broad enough to plan strategic lines of march, and adaptable enough to settle on the spot every new problem of transportation. Fortunately for Dick, he had a capable aide in his business manager, who had been with the late showman several years, and could be counted on to do the right thing at all times. A circus tour is not a matter to be arranged offhand through the atlas and the railroad time-table. Dick was not up against this problem, for it had all been figured out months before, and the show was now en route.

The itinerary of a great three-ring circus embraces a hundred dates, taking in the big cities. The Great American's ran as high, but most of its stands were of lesser size. The late Mr. Van-

derpotter had adopted a Western and Southern route that he called his own, and though he showed in certain cities on the routes of his rivals, he managed to reach those places first. In laying out his route he was mindful of the fact that spring is the best circus time in manufacturing towns, and autumn in farming communities.

The circus train traveled slowly through the night, Dick occupying his late grandfather's section at the forward end of the first rear sleeping car. The rest of the car was filled with members of the executive staff and others. Everybody in Wakefield and for miles around knew it was circus day, for the show had been well advertised three weeks ahead. As daylight advanced the train passed through a quiet, unpretending village. The place had already begun to assume an air of stir and animation. Boys lined the roadway to see the circus train go by, and then off they ran to get ready to go to town to see the parade, with the price of an afternoon seat in their pockets. The railroad yard at Wakefield was empty of rolling stock, and switchmen and engines were ready to receive the traveling pageant, and pilot it to a place convenient for its needs.

One of the first to alight from the train was the man who looked after the circus mail. He hurried off to the post office. At his heels came the business manager, whose multifarious duties require early rising. While the circus men are unloading the stake and chain wagon, canvas wagons, side-pole and center-pole wagons, side-show wagon, stable wagon, cook tent and blacksmith wagons, chandelier wagon, and attending to divers other matters necessary to the immediate wants at the lot, the performers are turning out and performing their toilets in readiness for their departure from the railroad yard. Dick was out ready to overlook matters that formerly fell under the eye of his dead grandfather, and he found enough to keep him busy.

After the first detachment had gone off to the lot the elephant came in for attention with the two camels, in charge of their keepers. Also the performing, ring and baggage horses, seat and stringer wagons, "property" wagon, and all the appliances for performers and their baggage. The last things unloaded were the menagerie cages. The lot at Wakefield was some distance from the railroad yard, and the route somewhat complicated, but the circus went to its destination with unerring accuracy that would strike an outsider as astonishing. We will pass over the early scenes at the lot, the preparations for the parade and the parade itself, and see how things are coming on for the afternoon performance.

The crowd began to gather at the lot while the circus people were at their dinner. There were lots of boys, as might be expected, and these wandered around trying to peek in at the various tents, only to get chased away by some one in authority. The side-show tent was open early to catch as many dimes as possible, for everything counted with expenses several thousand dollars a day to be got somehow. The small band connected with it blared away, making as much noise as music. The barker called attention to the wonders within, and the curious parted with their ten-cent pieces and walked in. Dick al-

ways had an idea that Mr. Vanderpotter could have improved his side show. It seemed to him that the living skeleton, fat woman, Circassian lady, the snake charmer, and other stereotyped freaks, would pall upon the public, and result in a falling off of patronage.

Of course, the people expected to see these curiosities year after year, and no side show could be considered complete without them. But, in Dick's estimation, there ought to be something new and startling in addition—something that could be depended on to pull a big crowd right along. He learned from the manager that the side show was not doing as well this year as formerly. After thinking the matter over, he decided to be on the lookout for some new attraction that would draw. This attraction turned up sooner than he expected—a female sharpshooter who was a wonder in her way. She came on the lot while the afternoon show was in progress, with her rifle in a bag, and asked for the manager. She was referred to Dick.

"Well, what can I do for you?" he asked the young woman, whose face and hands were deeply sunburned, and whose demeanor was confident.

"I'd like to get a job with this show if there's an opening," she replied, flashing her coal black eyes on his face.

"Are you in the circus business?" he asked.

"I've traveled with a small Wild West show that toured the Northwest last year. At the close of the season I went to Chicago and did my act in halls."

"What is your act?"

"Sharpshooting."

"Are you A-1 at it?"

"I reckon I'm a crackerjack. I can hit anything at ten paces with my rifle every crack."

"You can?"

"Yes, sir-ee. I'll guarantee to shoot a small object at the same distance off an assistant's head, standing with my back to him with the aid of a mirror."

"That's going some, though it has been done before by several people skilled in your line. Have you got an assistant?"

"I've got a boy that has worked with me right along."

"Well, come back here at six o'clock with your assistant, and give me a specimen of your abilities, and if you're good, I'll engage you for the side show," said Dick.

"I'll be on hand, Squire," said the young woman pertly. "Can I leave my gun here?"

"I'll take charge of it. Ask for Richard Dexter."

"That's your name?"

"That's my name."

"Are you the general manager?"

"Yes; I'm the general manager and owner."

The young woman looked hard at him.

"Say, Squire, what are you giving me? You're only a boy. How can you be the owner of a big show like this?"

"Well, Miss ——. I beg your pardon, but you haven't honored me with your name."

"My name is Nell Gwinn. I'm from Poker Flat, a diggings up at Cripple Creek. Here's a bill with my act featured. Winter Gardens, Chicago. Here are some press clippings from the

Chicago newspapers that'll show you how I knocked 'em cold."

Dick glanced over the bill, and the name Nell Gwinn in big black type at the head of it, followed by the statement that she was the most sensational rifle shot in the country, and that the feats she performed were simply marvelous. He read one of the clippings, and it certainly spoke well of the young woman's ability.

"Well, Miss Gwinn, you have expressed some incredulity as to me being the owner of the show. There's my business manager over there. Let us see if he will confirm my statement."

He led her across the ground to the entrance of the big top where the manager was talking to a reporter.

"Mr. Harley, let me make you acquainted with Miss Nell Gwinn," said Dick.

The manager bowed.

"She has applied to me for an engagement, and claims to be a wonderful rifle shot, doing all kinds of breath-catching feats. I've promised her a try-out, and an engagement if she makes good. She has expressed an opinion that I am rather young to be the owner of this show. Will you tell her whether I am or not?"

Harley at once assured the young woman that Dick was the Main Squeeze, and if he engaged her she would go with the circus.

"I reckon he must be blamed smart to run a big show like this," she said, with an admiring look at the young showman. "He'll sure know a good thing when he sees it, so I figure I'm as good as engaged."

The young woman walked away, her cowboy hat setting on one side of her head.

"What are you going to do with her if you take her on?" asked the manager.

"Add her to the side show. It needs bolstering up," replied Dick, walking off.

CHAPTER IX.—Some Sharpshooting.

At six o'clock Nell Gwinn was on hand with her assistant. The afternoon show had been over for more than an hour, and the performers and attaches were at supper in the eating tent. The lot was deserted at that hour, for it was too early yet for the advance guard of the evening patrons to show up. It was the hour of relaxation for the circus man—about the only time of the week day that he had nothing to do. The last rays of the declining sun showed upon the white top and other tents. The flags and banners hung motionless in the still air. The freaks in the side show had had their supper and were holding a social pow-wow among themselves. The young woman in the cowboy hat asked for Richard Dexter, and was told that he was at dinner.

"I'll wait here till he's through," she said.

In a few minutes Dick made his appearance.

"Hello, Miss Gwinn, are you ready to give an exhibition of your marksmanship?"

"I reckon," she replied.

"We'll have it right here in the open air, as there's plenty of light. If you can hit anything at ten paces with every shot, that tree over there will stop your bullets. Your assistant can stand

beside it and hold up such objects as you propose to practice on. I'll send for your bag with your gun," said Dick.

"All right, Squire. I'll gamble on it if that tree was a post I wouldn't miss it," said the young woman.

Her bag was brought. She opened it and put the rifle together in quick time.

"Sammy," she said, "stick a five-spot of clubs against that tree."

While the boy was doing it she measured off ten paces and stood ready. She stopped with her back to the tree.

"All right, Nell," said the boy, leaning against the tree in an unconcerned way.

She swung around and discharged five shots from her magazine Remington in rapid succession.

"Show the card to the Squire, Sammy," she said.

The boy detached it from the tree and brought it to Dick. Each of the five pips had a hole through it. Most of the performers and half of the other employees were gathered about to see the exhibition.

"That's good straight shooting," said Dick, holding up the card so that those near him could see the holes.

"Light a cigarette, Sammy," said Nell.

Sam did so and puffed away with his profile toward the young woman just in front of the tree.

"Watch me put out the light," said the female sharpshooter.

Crack! A few sparks flew, and the cigarette was out. The bullet had nicked the very end of it. The young woman loaded up the magazine again.

"You have a small potato, Sammy. Put it on your head," she said.

Sammy did so. The rifle cracked, and the potato disappeared in pieces.

"Hold up a match, Sammy."

This was also done. She shot it out of his fingers.

"Now, Sammy, another potato."

Sammy placed a little larger one on his head. Nell turned her back to him, threw her rifle across her shoulder and with the aid of a small hand mirror took aim. There was a moment of silence. Sammy stood perfectly unconcerned, apparently indifferent to the peril he was facing.

Crack! The second potato went the way of the first one.

"How is that, Squire?" said the young woman.

"Good trick shooting. I think you'll do."

"I'd like to show you my boss act, but it takes apparatus, and it's getting too dark to fix it up here. You can see it when I give my first exhibition to-night, for we're all ready to start in if you say so."

"Come with me and we'll arrange terms. I have a contract in the money wagon ready to fill out," said Dick.

"Take the gun, Sammy, and mind you don't shoot yourself," said Nell laughingly.

She tossed her rifle to her assistant and walked off with the young showman.

"Say, can you shoot, too?" asked Tommy Smart, the Boy Clown.

"Me shoot?" grinned the freckle-faced Sam. "I should twitter! Stand out there, and I'll take one of your eye teeth out without you knowing it."

"You will, like fun! I don't believe you can hit that tree," said Tommy.

Sammy took the ace of spades out of his pocket.

"Hold that against the tree, and if I don't plug the ace I'll stand treat."

"Not much! You don't make a mark out of me," declined Tommy.

"What are you afraid of? Be a sport and let me show the crowd what I can do."

"Nixy. Get somebody else."

"Anybody volunteer?" asked Sammy.

Nobody seemed anxious for the honor.

"Well, take a pin and hang the card to the tree," said Sammy to the Boy Clown.

Tommy had no objection to do that, and proceeded to pin the card up. He slipped the card against the tree and held it by the bottom while he pushed the pin with the other hand. His back was turned toward Sammy. The lad suddenly raised the rifle and fired. Tommy uttered a yell and fell. There was an exclamation of consternation from the performers, and Tommy's father rushed over to him with a cry. Sammy laughed, and Tommy picked himself up looking scared and foolish. The card was sticking to the tree. Two or three men rushed over to look at it. The ace was perforated through the center. Evidently Sammy could shoot some.

"You've scared that kid out of a year's growth," laughed a canvasman.

"Sorry to take you by surprise, pard," said Sammy, walking up to Tommy. "Shake."

Tommy shook.

"I thought you hit me," he said.

Sammy grinned.

"What's your name, and what do you do around the show—peddle peanuts?"

"Me peddle peanuts? I guess not," said Tommy, throwing out his chest. "I'm Tommy Smart, the Boy Clown. Me and dad are one of the hits of the show."

"So you're a clown? A real live one. Shake again," said Sammy. "I think we'd make a good team. You could sit on your old man's back while I shot a peanut off your dome. That would make a hit."

"You won't shoot any peanuts off my head if I know it," said Tommy.

"What do you do in the ring?"

As Tommy proceeded to enlighten him, the gasoline torches began to flare up about the lot in the gathering dusk. The first of the night crowd came upon the scene. The side show band struck up a ragtime air, and the barker mounted the platform. Most of the people gathered in front of the side show and looked at the big paintings that hung on the canvas walls. The band stopped and one of the freaks was called onto the platform for a moment's survey as an evidence of good faith. The barker harangued the crowd, every moment growing bigger, inviting them to step inside and see the curiosities.

"Come on! Walk in, ladies and gents. Only ten cents admission. Get your tickets right here. The lecturer is about to pass around explaining the curiosities, monstrosities and freaks of na-

ture. Come on! Come on!" said the barker, with a lot more of the same order.

When he stopped for a moment the band began to blare, and many of the bystanders having nothing else to engage their attention, for the ticket wagon was not open yet, filed in. More talk, more music, a few more tickets sold, and then the band vanished inside the side show, and was presently heard thumping there, and the seductive sound enticed a few more people into the place.

In the meanwhile Dick had come to terms with his new attraction, and she and Sammy were sent into the side show, where a well-lighted corner was cleared for them, and their one-piece apparatus set up. This consisted of a framework holding a Remington rifle immovably fixed in a horizontal position at a certain height.

When it was brought into action, as the piece de resistance of the girl's act, Sammy sat down on the floor facing it ten or twelve paces from the muzzle. Nell then made any necessary readjustment as she took sight at the potato on her assistant's head. As soon as she was satisfied that everything was right she cocked the gun and held it while she attached an invisible wire to the trigger. The wire was connected with a weight standing on a trap shelf. The trap was held up by a small piece of white wood.

The girl, taking her place near Sammy, took aim at the piece of wood and fired. She never failed to knock the wood from under the trap, which immediately fell, letting the weight fall, which jerked the wire and pulled the trigger of the stationary rifle. The report of both guns and the scattering of the potato on Sammy's head was simultaneous, and the trick always elicited wonder and great applause.

It certainly added greatly to the merits of the side show that evening, and thereafter, and was duly heralded by the barker outside. Next morning Dick set a man at work getting up a realistic painting representing Nell and Sammy in one of their most striking feats, and a printer along the route ahead got an order for posters to be forwarded to the advertising car to take the place of the discontinued Signor Ricardo ones. After that the side show began to do a land-office business, much to Dick's satisfaction.

CHAPTER X.—The Wildcats.

During the second week of the circus tour, Dick, after communicating with the agencies and watching the columns of the weeklies which printed circus advertisements, got hold of a good rider to fill the gap left vacant by the cutting out of "Signor Ricardo." The same bills were made to do duty for him, though he could not come to the expectation they held forth, which was not surprising, for no performer on earth ever realized the press agent's grandiloquent description.

Dick also got hold of a couple of wildcats, full grown, and added them to his menagerie. A few days' experience with them showed them to be wicked beasts, and they had to be carefully handled when fed. During the parade they would fly at the steel bars of their cage, cling there, and scream like a pair of lunatics. Dick would

have closed them up when he noted the effect produced on them by the crowd and general excitement, but he found that the public got particularly interested in them on account of their antics, and that they acted as an advertisement for the show.

He found it necessary to have an attendant beside their cage in the menagerie to keep the spectators from getting too close, for the cats would shove their claws between the bars on the slightest provocation. Then they would often engage in a family fight and tear up things generally. Dick had congratulated himself on the cheap price he paid for the animals, but the reason was obvious—they were altogether too unmanageable, and could not be trusted in the slightest degree.

But they attracted more attention than anything else in the menagerie, and there was always a crowd around their cage, so they were considered valuable adjuncts to the show. In due course the Great American Circus reached a big manufacturing city called Jackson. Its population was over 40,000, and the country for ten miles around contained thriving farms and villages the show could draw upon. Dick expected to pull two great houses here, and everything tended that way.

So far he had been very lucky in having fine weather right along, something unusual for the month of May, for generally the circus met with a couple of heavy rainstorms and heavy blows, which interfered to some extent with the attendance and made things unpleasant for the performers and to some extent for the audience. So far his receipts were ahead of the previous year's, and a part of this was due to Nell Gwinn's sensational rifle shooting in the side show.

Since her advent the barker had found it comparatively easy to pull a crowd. It is a question whether the young woman would have caught on had Mr. Vanderpotter been at the head of the show; not that he didn't know a good thing when he saw it, but he was always averse to making additions to the circus after once starting out unless a vacancy of some kind accidentally happened. But for his death there would have been no vacancy in the ring, and he regarded the side show as complete as it stood.

Dick had no settled views on any point. He was out for everything that looked good, and didn't mind the expense when he believed the show would be benefited. He was ambitious to give the people their money's worth, and in his estimation it paid in the long run to do so. It was the first day in June, and another cloudless sky greeted the show on its arrival at Jackson. The parade attracted a great multitude along the route, and the two wildcats cut up worse than ever. What they didn't do is hardly worth mentioning, and their screeches attracted continuous notice and comment from the spectators on the sidewalks. Both sides of their cage was open, and they were in full view.

Strange to say, Nell Gwinn took a great fancy to the cats. She often visited the menagerie in the mornings and admired the beasts. They soon got to know her, and it was noticed that they began to look for her coming. At first they regarded her with wild, malevolent eyes, and would reach out to grab her with their paws, and would

screech like the Old Harry when they just missed her. She would talk to them and they would spring back and forth along the face of the bars, as though they regarded her as a choice morsel they'd like to tear up. In a week they grew more subdued, and after two weeks their conduct became different toward her.

Miss Gwinn was warned that they were laying low in the hope of enticing her closer to their cage. They continued as savage as ever toward the keeper who fed them, but the instant the girl showed up they became almost docile. She took the job of feeding them off the keeper, and passed their food in to them at the end of a long iron, as the keeper had done. Whenever she was near an observer would say that the wildcats were not so very dangerous when one knew how to deal with them. At the girl's request she was allowed to ride in the procession with her rifle on top of their cage. It proved an added feature to the parade, and Dick thought her presence would calm the beasts while on the march.

This did not prove so, for they acted as bad as ever outside, though they must have known she was above, for she often spoke down to them. The parade was about two-thirds over, and Joe Smart and his son Tommy were passing the wildcat cage in their small tandem cart, Tommy dressed as a "tiger," with his arms folded and a grin on his whitened face, when there was a crash from the left. The two clowns looked and were aghast on seeing that two of the steel bars had become loosened at the top and had given way under the attacks of the cats. One of the animals had squeezed through and was climbing on top of the cage where Nell Gwinn sat with her rifle over her shoulder.

Joe Smart uttered a yell of warning to the girl. She turned and saw the snarling face of the cat rising above the rim of the cage. It was the male one, and he looked wicked enough for anything. The girl swung her Remington around, cocking it at the same time, but rapid as was her action, the cat was quicker than she. With a spring it cleared the edge and threw her down, the rifle falling from her hands. The female cat leaped from the cage to the road, instead of following her companion, and disappeared under the moving wagon. In another instant she was on the flank of one of the pair of horses, and the animal gave a scream of pain and terror as her claws dug into its flesh.

The driver of the wagon was equal to the emergency. He was an old circus man, who had been up against all sorts of queer things in his time. He reined in, seized the heavy club he carried for emergencies on the seat, slipped down and dealt the cat a heavy blow on the head. Dazed by this attack, the cat lost her grip and fell to the road. Picking herself up, she leaped clear over the heads of the crowd, ran into the yard of a residence and vanished behind the house. The most intense excitement now prevailed in that vicinity. The crowd was looking with horror at the male cat standing over the girl sharpshooter, and expected to see her torn in pieces. His tail was whisking from side to side, and his small eyes looked fierce and fiery. At that thrilling moment Dick came riding up. He had not accompanied the procession, which was under the charge of the business manager, but

had been about town attending to business. His sharp eyes took in the situation at a glance, and he was off his horse in a twinkling.

With the agility born of his practice as a circus rider he sprang up beside the driver, who was standing on his seat making a demonstration at the cat with his club, but could not reach the animal from the place where he stood, and hesitated to scramble on top, for the cat would have placed him at such disadvantage that the cat could have reached his back in a twinkling. Dick's sole thought was to save the girl, and he knew that not a moment was to be lost in the effort. It was a mighty dangerous feat he was undertaking, but that did not deter him in the least. With a spring he reached the roof. The driver, encouraged by his action, started to follow him. His left leg struck the boy's feet and carried them from under him, and Dick fell flat on his back just as the cat sprang at him. It was fortunate for him he was thrown down, for the cat would have landed on his chest and carried him to the ground with him. As it was, the animal missed him by a hair and went whirling through the air to the road. Then the girl acted. Not for a moment had she lost her self-possession, though held down by the animal whose eyes glared down into hers.

Doubtless she owed her life as much to the familiar attitude she had adopted toward the wildcats in the menagerie as to Dick's plucky intervention, for the cat had hesitated following up his attack upon her long enough at least to give Dick the chance to hasten to her aid. She rolled over on her knees, snatched up her rifle, took a quick aim at the cat in the road, as the people with cries of terror scattered right and left in his path, and fired several shots rapidly.

The cat went down desperately wounded, and lay tearing up the earth and snarling wickedly. The girl took one more shot and put a ball through the animal's brain. That ended his career on earth, and he lay still and lifeless after that. Several circus men rushed up to it with iron bars and pikes, but there was nothing for them to do except to drag it close to the walk. During this exciting scene the female cat was forgotten.

CHAPTER XI.—The Thunderstorm.

"Squire, put it there. I'll allow you saved my life," said Nell, holding out her sunburned hand to the young showman.

Dick took her hand with a smile.

"Glad if I saved you. I guess you had a narrow squeak," he said. "But you have saved the show a world of trouble by laying the animal out with your rifle, so I guess the obligation is balanced."

"I reckon my life is of more importance to me than the show, Squire, so the balance is on my side. You won't find me ungrateful. If the ghost should ever fail to walk you can count on me to work just the same."

"I trust the ghost will never cease to walk with this show. When it does, it will be time to sell out," said Dick.

At that moment he noticed several of his men rushing into the yard of the house where the

female cat had presumably taken refuge. The excitement attending the rescue of Nell Gwinn had caused him to forget about the other cat, which he supposed was still in its cage. He jumped down on the seat of the wagon and swung around to get a look at the interior of the cage. With an exclamation of consternation he saw it was empty.

"Where did the other cat go? Has it escaped?" he asked the driver.

"I didn't see the other cat at all," returned the man. "Thought it was still in the cage."

"No. It must have gone over yonder where I see my men looking around. Come on, Nell. We shall probably require some more shooting from you," he said.

He assisted her down and they started for the yard. The turn of affairs had divided the parade in two, half of it going on while the other half had come to a stop. The first half had turned up an adjacent street, and it was some little time before it was noticed that the rest of the show was not following. Then the forward section halted as word was passed from driver to driver, and finally reached the manager's attention. He immediately rode back to see what the trouble was. He arrived just as Dick and the girl sharpshooter reached the yard. He saw the dead wildcat and began to institute inquiries of the clown, whom he met first.

Dick and Nell found several circus hands poking around a lumbered-up shed that offered many hiding places for the escaped cat. As the place was rather dark, they had a dangerous job on their hands if the cat was in there. The people of the house were in a funk when they learned that the ferocious animal had been seen entering their premises. Dick noticed that one of the cellar windows was open, and he thought the cat might have entered the house that way. Accompanied by Nell and one of his men armed with an iron bar, they proceeded to investigate the cellar. A sort of twilight enveloped the place, and they found it necessary to use caution in moving around. Suddenly Dick saw a pair of gleaming eyes in a corner, and he knew they must belong to the wildcat. He called Nell and pointed to the glaring orbs.

"You want me to shoot?" she said, raising her gun.

"I'd prefer to capture the beast if we could," he said.

"If I could see the head, I'd try to stun the animal; but with only the eyes for a guide that is next to impossible. It won't do for me to aim too high and miss. The cat might be crouching to spring. It would come at us like a shot," she said.

"Well, kill it, then," said Dick regretfully, in spite of the vicious reputation the animal had acquired in his show.

Whiz! The eyes suddenly came at them like a rocket, and down went Dick with the cat on top, while Nell was sent staggering to one side. A tragedy might have ensued had not the circus man behind been cool and a quick thinker. He saw the outline of the beast and brought the bar down on its head. The cat rolled over, stunned. A light was procured and the beast examined. It was seen that she was far from being dead. Her four legs were now securely tied, and her

hind ones also. In that state she was dragged back to her cage and thrown in with the dead body of her mate.

The pageant then went on, reaching the lot late. The incident spread all over town, and increased the attendance at the afternoon show, which was a record-breaker, close on to 500 people being turned away. A part of the disappointed ones went into the side show to see the girl sharpshooter who had shot the wildcat on the street, and crowded that place so that it was difficult for the mob to get around. An hour before the show that evening the advance spectators on reaching the lot crowded into the side show to get a look at Nell Gwinn. All the evening papers had a graphic story of the wildcat incident, and had laid much stress on the girl's extinguishment of the male wildcat. Everybody wanted to see her, and the lecturer was obliged to curtail his introductions of the various freaks and fetch the crowd around to where Nell and Sammy sat ready for their act. Of course, her shooting elicited roars of applause. It was gone through with on a platform where all could see. As soon as the crowd was shown the way out at the back, a fresh crowd was admitted in front, and so the dimes flowed in merrily that day, and the receipts of the side show overtopped anything that had ever been taken in before, even during the best days of the late Mr. Vanderpotter's management.

Dick saw he had made a ten-strike when he engaged the girl, and he determined to sign her for the next season if she was willing. As the big top was rapidly filling up that evening there were indications of a thunderstorm coming on in the distance. Nobody paid much attention to it, and the performance started on time. The tent was jammed, and many standees had been admitted after the sale of tickets had been stopped. This was not usual, but there was such a terrible howling mob on hand, that in order to placate some of them their half dollars were taken at the door with the understanding that there were no seats inside, and they must squeeze themselves into the various lanes between the seat tiers. Two hundred people were thus admitted, though the police made a protest at length, and Dick shut down, leaving a thousand persons still outside. Most of these finally drifted into the side show, and that tent was packed like a box of sardines when the wind, forerunner of the storm, swooped down on the lot.

In anticipation of the blow, which Dick saw was coming, he had all his canvasmen and other non-performers at work putting up extra rope braces about the weather side of the big top. The menagerie tent had been taken down, as usual, as soon as the night show began, and all the stakes and rope rushed into the service of the main tent. All the small tents had also been folded up and put in their wagons, so that now there was nothing up but the big top and the side show.

Wagons that ordinarily would have been on their way to the railroad yard were hauled around to the windward of the imperiled tents, and braced there to break the force of the wind as much as possible. What Dick feared most was that the roof of the big tent would be carried away, for there was an opening all around the

tween the edge of it and the side walls. That gave play for the full sweep of the wind. Of course, the outfit was supposed to be able to resist a heavy blow, such as an ordinary thunderstorm, for the show frequently encountered such a one, but to-night Dick felt it in his bones that something worse than the average was coming. No one else seemed to share his anxiety, and the business manager told him that he thought he was taking more precautions than were necessary.

"The worst of it will blow over in fifteen minutes, and then we'll have the rain with the thunder and lightning," he said.

"Maybe so," replied Dick, "but I won't take any chances with such a mob as we have inside. Never since this circus began business has so many people been under its roof. I am sorry now that I yielded to the insistence of the crowd and let in the extra people. If the tent should go down, and a panic ensue, probably with a fire thrown in to complete the catastrophe, that would be the end of the show, and of my fortune with it."

The manager had nothing more to say. He looked at the coming storm and could not see that it promised to be worse than any of the many he had been through during his career with Mr. Vanderpotter. Dick went around looking at all the extra fastenings which had been put up. At last the wind swept across the lot with cyclonic force. In a moment half of the lights in the big top were extinguished, and lots of the spectators waxed uneasy. The weather canvas wall was pressed in against the backs of the audience on the top row, and against the frame work of the seats.

The great roof rose and fell with a billowy movement and the inpour of the wind under it was tremendous. The howl of the blast was terrifying in its intensity. Dick, his manager and others of the executive force, stood in the front entrance, or well inside the tent. The young showman looked apprehensively over at the side show which he knew was crammed to its limits.

"It's fierce to encounter this after such a record-breaking attendance," he said to himself. "It's a combination of good luck and bad. I hope we'll pass through it all right. Heavens, how it blows! I knew it was going to be something worse than usual. When the wind gets a-going out West here you never can tell what will happen."

Another fearful gust howled down on the two tents. The ropes, particularly those holding the roof, were strained to a point that threatened to tear the stakes from the ground. The stakes, however, had been put there to stay by men who knew their business, and so the second blast passed on its way through the city streets, making Rome howl there, and sending people scurrying into doorways and under the lee of corners. On the heels of that blast came the rain, in a flood from the sky, and it thundered down upon the roofs of the two tents. The wind had extinguished nearly all the lights in the big top chandeliers, electricity not having been introduced into the show by the late owner, and they had to be lowered and relighted before the performance could proceed. While this was under way the vast audience sat in a sort of deep twi-

light and listened to the uproar of the tempest without.

Under such conditions it was more nerve disturbing, and as the roof began to leak in a score of places, in spite of its paraffin coating, it was disturbing in other ways, too. The people were so packed that one could not shift out of the way if a stream was unexpectedly sent down the back of his neck. He could only squirm about and stand the infliction. The people bunched around the top row had the worst of it. Around the edge of the roof the canvas hung down in scalloped shape, with a red border to set it off. This scalloped overhang was continually blown up and inward over the wall, discharging a copious shower of raindrops over the top-notchers, who were soon pretty well soaked, but were forced to grin and bear it.

A third terrific blast, with rain, struck the tents before the chandeliers in the big top were rehoisted, and again it seemed as if the great canvas building would be carried off its pins and landed somewhere in the midst of the town. Dick gritted his teeth when he saw how the roof rose and fell under the pressure of the fierce blast.

"It is certainly a corker," said the business manager. "I don't know but your foresight in adding so many fresh fastenings has come in good."

"Good! I don't believe the tent would have stood without them. It's quite a sweep of canvas, and the wind has full play on it. On the whole, I think our safety so far is due much to the fact that instead of getting the full force of the storm broadside on it, we have caught it diagonally, and much of its intensity is swept off at an angle," said Dick.

The manager agreed with him, and so the evening wore on, with the performance proceeding under adverse conditions. The sawdust became damp and sticky, and the performers were constantly in danger of slipping. For half an hour the storm continued at its height, though the wind lost some of its weight, and then it began to subside. By the time that two-thirds of the show was finished it was practically over, although the rain continued to fall almost up to the time the last two acts went on. As soon as the wind dropped perceptibly, Dick ordered the menagerie wagons, and the other vehicles that were packed ready to leave the lot, to start for the station.

The extra guy ropes and stakes were detached and thrown into the proper wagon, and the used ring paraphernalia likewise disposed of. After that, as fast as a performer finished his act his appliance followed suit. The entire arena was divested of its mass of apparatus before the audience was out of the tent. Not a great many remained that night for the "concert,"-and it was hurried through with, amid the noise of falling wood, the lugging away of the seats, and the tugging at ropes and stakes. The side walls were peeled off as the last spectator emerged into the open.

Then the thin white cloth roof came tumbling down from above, the denuded center poles followed it to the ground, and where a short time before stood a glowing white tent was now a dark, bare arena, rutted with wheels, trodden by

many feet, and littered with peanut shells and sawdust. Through the dark, deserted, silent streets the last man and wagon made their way, headed for the railroad yard, where the blazing torches showed an animated spectacle—the embarkation of the show for its next stand on its route.

Dick turned in that night in a very thankful frame of mind, and he had good reason to be grateful to a kind Providence. The accident to the wildcat cage, which might have led to very serious results, had passed off without misadventure, while the thunderstorm, which threatened the demolition of the big top, and possibly the side show, both crowded to the doors, had gone on its way without resulting in any disaster. The young showman could now revel in his knowledge of the fat receipts taken in that afternoon and night, and figure on the surplus that was accumulating in the bank at Plainfield, where all moneys not actually needed to run the show was daily forwarded, to be accounted for to the judge of the probate court by Lawyer Black when Mr. Vanderpotter's estate was finally settled up and Dick's legacy was officially turned over to him as the chief beneficiary under the late showman's will.

CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

The month of June passed without incident of importance to the Great American Circus, excepting the financial record it was making under Dick's management. The real details of management were carried on by Mr. Harley, and much was due to his expert conduct of the show. Dick took pointers from him right along, and was glad to accept his experienced guidance. The boy, however, though "raw" in circus management, had the stuff in him that successful showmen are made of, and he showed it whenever an emergency arose, and whenever he found the opportunity to better prevailing conditions. As the show was advertised no better than it had been in seasons past, the increased patronage the circus was catering to, and also to certain moves made by Dick at the right time.

The female wildcat, after her mishap and the loss of her partner, ceased to produce trouble. She did not become exactly docile, but she behaved herself reasonably well. And with her subsistence she ceased to attract the attention that she and the male formerly did. Dick felt the need of some strong attraction in the menagerie besides the lion and the tiger, which would prove a drawing card like the wildcats had done before the accident. It was not easy to get just the right thing, and he communicated in vain with the wild animal dealers that made a business of supplying circuses. They offered him many good animals, but nothing that, in his estimation, would fill the bill. On the Fourth of July the show reached Frankland, a good-sized city in the Middle West, and, being a holiday, the circus people looked for a large crowd at both performances. Dick was on the point of starting for the business part of the town to call at the newspaper offices, and attend to other matters connected with the show, when a man came on the lot and asked for the general manager. A teamster pointed Dick out to him.

"Do you mean that boy?" said the visitor doubtfully.

"He's the boss of the show," nodded the employee.

The stranger approached Dick.

"I understand you are the head of the show?" he said.

"You understand right."

"Isn't Mr. Vanderpotter with the circus?"

"No, sir. Mr. Vanderpotter died about nine weeks ago."

"I came here to see if I could sell you a couple of chimpanzees—male and female—an uncommonly fine pair, as gentle as two lambs, and a big ape that's a corker."

"An ape, eh? What do you want for him?"

"You'll have to take the three if you want to make a deal. The ape is kind of stuck on the female chim, and I don't think he'd take it kindly if I sold him to a different owner. He'll make a corking addition to your menagerie, for I opine you have nothing of the kind in your collection."

"What's your figure for the bunch, delivered?"

"I won't set no price on 'em till you've seen 'em."

"All right. I wouldn't buy them anyway till I'd looked them over. Where have you got them?"

"At my emporium on South street. We can go straight there now if you say so. I'm giving up the animal business. It ain't paying. These here articles I'm offering you are the cream of my collection, but I'm willing to let 'em go at a fair price."

"I'll go with you. That is, I'll accompany the car you take, for I always ride to town on my horse."

"All right. Let's make a start."

Half an hour later Dick dismounted in front of the emporium as the man, whose name was Smith, walked up. Smith piloted the young man into a rear room where two cages stood, one containing the chimpanzees, an amiable-looking couple, and the other a big, powerful ape of rather ferocious aspect. If he bought these animals, Dick knew it would be necessary to make some changes in his menagerie. The two cages would be of no use to him on the road, for he would have to turn the animals into his regular wagon cages, and to do that he would have to get rid of the present occupants of a divided cage he had.

Those were a black bear which he figured he could put in place of the wildcats which had ceased to interest him, and a couple of coyotes that he could dispense with altogether. His plan was to ship the coyotes and the wildcats back to Plainfield, and loan them to the summer park manager, who had a few such attractions. After looking the chimpanzees, and particularly the ape, over and dickering with their owner until a satisfactory price was settled upon, he mentioned his plans.

"Well, I dunno about you using a divided cage for them animals unless the partition bars are uncommonly strong. The proper thing would be to keep them apart in separate wagons, but close together. That there ape is all right when his fur is rubbed the right way, meaning, you understand, when he's humored. He's got his whims

and one of them, as I mentioned to you at the lot, is a hankering for the female chim. The chim is afraid of him, and so is her companion, and he has good reason to be, for if the ape could lay hold of him he wouldn't last many seconds. So you see I don't calculate it would be comfortable for the chims to have the ape in the same cage even with bars between 'em. They'd keep out of his reach, but it would sp'ile 'em for your show. That's my advice, but you can do as you please about it after you take charge of 'em."

"The ape looks like an ugly customer," said Dick, "but I guess my menagerie man can handle him, as he has had some experience with the breed."

"Shall I send the cages direct to the lot?"

"Yes. I'll give you an order on the treasurer for your money, and a note to deliver to the boss of the menagerie," said Dick.

That was satisfactory to Mr. Smith, and he telephoned for a truck. When Dick got back to the lot he found the truck with his acquisitions had just arrived at the rear of the procession. Mr. Smith was with it. Dick held a consultation with his menagerie man, and two cages were picked out for the chimpanzees and the ape. The wildcat was turned out of one, and its cage hurriedly prepared for the ape, who was transferred to it and the cat put into his vacated cage. The chimpanzees proved to be very tame and gentle, and Smith assured Dick that they wouldn't give any trouble at all.

Some transfers were made and the coyotes landed in the cage vacated by the two chims. The two cages that brought his purchases were sent to the railroad yard on the truck in charge of a circus man, with orders to accompany the wildcat and the coyotes to Plainfield and hand them over to the owner of the summer park there.

Dick would not have bought the chimpanzees if he could have got the huge ape without taking them too. But after the animals came into his possession he found himself taking a particular interest in them. They proved to be as gentle as a pair of kittens, and almost human in their attachment to each other, going to sleep in each other's arms, and always sitting close together. They showed a special interest in Dick, seeming to recognize that he was their owner, and they showed that interest when he went to their cage. He couldn't help noticing the new animal friendship he had made, and so he made a practice of calling on the chims every morning, and sometimes in the afternoon before he went to supper, or after he came from that meal.

Dick tried his best to make friends with the ferocious ape, but it was no go—the animal shook the bars of his cage in a futile effort to get at him. Thus matters proceeded during the month of July, the ape becoming more troublesome and wicked every day. The animal attracted a great deal of attention, particularly from the male visitors to the show, as Dick expected he would. He proved to be a great acquisition to the menagerie. The two chimpanzees aroused great interest among the women and children, and crowds of them always lingered around their cage.

"You made a ten-strike when you bought those

chims," said the boss of the menagerie to Dick one day.

"I guess I did, but it was only by accident, for I didn't really want them. It was the big ape I was after, and I had to take them to get him," said the boy.

"He's an attraction, I'll admit, but he's a dangerous customer. He gives me more trouble than the rest of the menagerie combined. I never go to his cage to attend to him without a helper, for he's not only wicked, but he's slyer than the Old Boy. He's got to be watched every second. Take it from me, that ape is biding his time till he can find a chance to get out, and it wouldn't be safe for you to meet him alone if he did get out. He seems to have taken a standing grouch to you for some reason."

The first Saturday in August was particularly sultry in the town of Woodland, where the show was billed on that date. As the big top filled up slowly to its full capacity, the people sat and sweltered as though surrounded by huge furnaces. About the middle of the afternoon performance an ordinary thunderstorm came on and raged for half an hour about the lot, frightening the women and children in the big tent. Gradually it worked off to the northeast, and the air was beginning to lighten up and send a feeling of grateful coolness throughout the tent when, as from a clear sky, there suddenly came an awful crash, accompanied by a blinding flash that startled not only the audience, but everybody connected with the show from Dick down. It was clear that a thunderbolt had hit the tent, and there was a rush toward the menagerie to find out what damage had been done. A peculiar sight met the gaze of the circus men. The door of the ape's cage stood wide open, and a subsequent examination showed he had actually bent two of the steel bars and forced the lock out of place.

The door of the chimpanzees' cage also stood open—the ape having unlocked it with the key that was in it, for the chims were so fully trusted that it hardly seemed necessary to lock them in at all except for their own good. Hanging partly out of the door, with a cowering chim in the grasp of each of his powerful hands, was the big ape, stone dead. A hole in the ground under him showed where the thunderbolt had gone after passing through his body. The wonder of it all was that the chims had not been killed, too, or at least shocked into insensibility; but they were not hurt in the least.

What would have happened with that huge ape at liberty it is hard to say had his life not been cut short.

Thus Dick lost a big attraction, but it was just as well, for the animal was a standing menace, and that lone thunderbolt performed a good service to the young showman.

After that incident the show went through the rest of the season without another accident of any kind, and was finally returned to Plainfield and the people paid off the balance coming to them.

Next week's issue will contain "IN WALL STREET TO WIN; OR, THE BOY WHO GOT THE MONEY."

CURRENT NEWS

FOSSIL FOREST

The discovery of a fossil forest is reported at Anglon, Sardinia. Petrified palms, with well-preserved structure, are already known from a Miocene formation in the island, and details of the new find will be awaited with much interest.

A COFFIN OF STALAGMITE

Dr. Hardlicka of the National Museum was called to the Luray Caverns of Virginia to investigate some bones that had been discovered embedded in a stalagmite. With some difficulty the whole deposit containing the bones was removed in pieces, and the bones were found to be parts of a human skeleton; but the only trace of the skull was a portion of the lower jaw. The Museum is studying the specimens.

DRUG AND PEPPER "GUN" TO FOIL BANK BANDITS

Bandits who attempt to hold up bank cashiers are to be foiled with drug fumes and cayenne pepper.

Windows of paying tellers soon will have a ventilator so constructed that by pressing a foot bar the cashier sends a stream of red pepper into the bandit's eyes and drugs into his nostrils and up

slides a bulletproof shield to protect the teller or cashier.

The shield is moved by weights attached to a chain which runs up inside the panelling to the shield. With the movement of the weights a cog wheel spins around three fans which throw out the stuff that renders the bandit unconscious.

CEDARS OF LEBANON PLANTED IN BROOKLYN

Two young cedars of Lebanon were recently set out near the Atlantic cedars on the hill to the west of the Laboratory Building in the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. These little trees were grown from seed of trees in Flushing, L. I., coming originally from the old Prince homestead.

The cedar of Lebanon is a native of Asia Minor and Northern Africa. In the mountainous region known as Lebanon, in Northern Syria, grow to this day a few noble specimens of these trees, which, by their height and striking, far-flung branches, attracted the eye and fancy of the Biblical Israelites. It was their wood that Solomon used in building the Temple. Local tradition has it that the cedars of Lebanon are immortal, having been planted by God when He made the world, and that they will be there still on the Day of Judgment.

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Daring Dan Dobson

— OR —

THE BOY WHO BEAT THE MOONSHINERS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER IX—(continued)

"What's that?" screeched the enraged leader of the moonshiners.

"I'm going to lead you into the penitentiary! You are the leader of these moonshiners, and although I am no revenue officer, I will stake my life on it that I will bring you to justice. No one knows what fearful crimes you may have done up here in this mountain fastness. But I have heard tales."

The judge and his daughter turned pale.

They were beginning to suspect the terrible truth by this time, and the father supported the girl with his strong arm, with a hand on his revolver for necessity.

It was a terrible moment.

But worse was to come.

"Take him, boys! Dead or alive!" cried the moonshine king. "I'll give a hundred dollars reward for the man who has this young spy tied by the heels and hands!"

The girl screamed, but her father prevented her from rushing forward to aid Daring Dan Dobson.

Three men leaped upon faithful Zachary from behind, and beat him to the earth beneath their merciless blows.

Dan fought like a demon, and yet he was forced to succumb beneath the cowardly rush of the moonshine gang which had been drawing in closer and closer upon him.

In a few minutes he was a prisoner—unconscious from the terrible treatment he had received.

Jake Newcastle's nose had received another punishing bump, and there was no possibility of that organ ever regaining its original handsome shape.

But Newcastle was grinning and chuckling with wicked glee, feeling that at last he had his victim in his power.

He forgot everything except his trickery and schemes to turn the tables upon Dan so badly that the great property would become his, and as he looked upon the blanched face of the pretty Beryl he muttered to himself:

"I'll not only win the land, but will win that girl beside. I'll give up this country—moonshine—everything crooked, and will go out East with her as my wife. I'll have the money—and that will get anything in this world."

But there was where he was wrong.

However, his error did not help Dan any.

For that lad was being trundled down the hilly road in the wagon which had been brought for the carrying of the still which had been destroyed.

CHAPTER X.

A Prisoner for Ransom.

"Say, this is terrible, Newcastle," said Judge Barton, in great excitement. "You know, I can't stand by and see this sort of thing. I am not used to it, and still less is my daughter."

The leader of the moonshiners laughed merrily, for he was very proud of his accomplishment.

A little thing like displeasure on the part of others acted like stimulant to him.

Newcastle waved his hand around him in his conceited manner, as he replied:

"Judge Barton, sir, this entire country is under my control just as much as though I were king. I rule it with dignity and wisdom. I hate to talk about myself, but I am doing great work in elevating these mountain people, and it is when sneaking, desperate men like this Dan Dobson and his henchman, Zachary Shank, come around here that I lose control of my temper. They must be punished, however, and so you have witnessed the necessary lesson to them. I shall have them turned over to the authorities at Newell's Ford, and they will both land in the penitentiary for attempted murder."

Beryl Barton looked straight into the eyes of the moonshiner as she replied, in ringing tones:

"I do not believe a word you say about Dan Dobson."

Jake Newcastle leaped back, as though his face had been slapped.

"You seem powerfully interested in him I must say; it looks funny."

The girl flushed, and stepped toward her father for protection, as the malignant and jealous look flared from Newcastle's dark eyes in an unmistakable manner.

"I am interested in him," remarked the girl, quietly; "he has saved my life at terrible risk to his own, and I will not hear him defamed. Had I had the strength, I would have taken his part in that terrible beating which he received. I think you a coward and bully!"

Her father put his arm about the girl's shoulder, and now he spoke up spiritedly:

"She is right. I let things go, for everything happened so suddenly, but I see I was wrong. I feel as guilty as though I had taken part in that low scuffle."

He turned toward his horse and led Beryl with him.

"Come, let us go back to the village. We have seen enough to-day, my child. I am sorry that I ever brought you out into this rough, wicked country."

Newcastle's feelings were so strong that he could not say a single word.

His lips moved, thickly, and he opened and shut his powerful hands in nervous frenzy.

The judge hurriedly assisted Beryl to her horse, and then mounted his own steed.

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

TO FLY TO THE POLE

When Amundsen sails northward next May he will probably take along two airplanes and two aviators. He is himself an expert aviator. His idea is now to fly to the pole, which may indicate an abandonment of the plan to drift across with the ice pack. The expedition is financed by the Norwegian Government, and the schooner "Maud," now at Seattle, is the center of busy preparations for the coming attempt.

FORTUNES IN PEAT

While oil well gushers may be spouting millions into the coffers of the lucky in the Southwest, Illinois modestly steps up with the announcement that vast sums will be added to the wealth of its people by the discovery of limitless peat beds which line the valleys of the Illinois and Fox Rivers. Thousands of acres believed to have little commercial value in the past, promise to produce a fortune for their owners by the conversion of peat into fertilizer or fuel.

The first plant in Central Illinois for the preparation of peat for commercial use as a fertilizer has just been opened at Manito, and is said to be one of the largest of the kind in the world, and with a capacity of 250 tons per day. Another plant will shortly be opened upon the banks of the Fox River in Kane County, which will convert peat into fuel. The raw peat is chemically treated so as to be given qualities similar to coal. When in full operation this plant will have a capacity of 100 tons of fuel peat per day.

ALL CONVENIENCES IN ELECTRIC BEDROOM

The completely equipped electric bedroom is described by Practical Electrics (New York).

There are reading lamps for the incomniacs, a standard lamp on the little table, when reading is taboo or not desired; baby's milk can be heated, for the new arrival must have all the comforts of the electrical home.

There is an attractively spread table, full of electrical apparatus. These include the breakfast accessories, coffee percolator (electricity does not seem to favor drip coffee); there is the electric grill, and the bread toaster will be a sine qua non. For nocturnal peregrinations a light under the bedstead is supplied; this is now quite the proper thing, as we have had occasion to state already.

The telephone is shown, but the editor remarks that, to really enjoy the morning hours, the telephone should be exiled out of sight and out of mind.

Sockets properly placed with supply current for heating pads, which may be called the electrician's hot water bags.

MONGOLIAN RED PHEASANTS IN PARKS

Flocks of Chinese and Mongolian pheasants, seeking food and shelter, are attracting visitors to Seattle's parks.

The birds are mingled about fifty to a flock and respond readily by coming forth and picking up

grain if the giver steps back about fifty feet. There has been heavy snows and severe cold in the foothill country about this city, and the custom of the Park Commissioners feeding other wild birds regularly in the parks and along the boulevards has enticed to civilization the pheasants.

Beautiful birds they are, with long flowing tails, mottled wings and peculiar whortling cry. Numbers of them roost on the overhanging boughs of the giant fir trees in Woodland Park and the yellow and scarlet of their plumage against the green and brown of the trees makes possible easy detection.

Last week the Commissioners scattered fifty bushels of mixed whole grain that the forest and upland visitors might not miss their native breakfasts covered with deep snow. Other Puget Sound cities report the same visitation of pheasants and one poultryman near Everett phoned here that about 100 pheasants were daily eating grain with his white chickens.

At night some of the wild birds actually went to roost with the domestic fowl. Pheasants have been protected for years in the Northwest, with but a six weeks' open season. They have multiplied until they are familiar to summer touring parties, but in winter it is rarely they venture so close to the noise and bustle of city life.

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Bull Against Grizzly

By JOHN SHERMAN

The following is related by a former member of the engineering corps who surveyed the route of the Northern Pacific Railroad:

"I left our camp at Young Men's Buttes one day in July to try my luck at trout fishing in the head waters of Big Heart River, a small stream five miles from camp. The weather had been hot and dry for some time, and when I got over to the river I found the head waters were not much better than dry land, all the moisture I could find being little puddles here and there in the bed. The only water likely to be found in that quarter with fish in it was the Big Cannon Ball River, and that was twenty miles away, so I concluded that the best thing for me to do would be to march right back to camp. There was a heavy thicket along the north bank of the stream, some distance above where I came out on the dry bed, and a few cottonwood trees standing maybe a hundred yards back from the band.

As I turned to retrace my steps I saw a small herd of wild cattle standing off to my right. Among them was a young bull, and a more splendid specimen of an animal I never saw. He and the rest of the cattle were eyeing me with suspicious curiosity. I didn't like the appearance of the bull, for he had a way of lowering his head, throwing dirt with his fore feet and uttering an ominous sort of bellow that seemed threatening. I turned and walked away, moving toward the cottonwood trees. I looked back over my shoulder and saw the bull coming along after me. I increased my speed and so did he, until I was running my fastest and the bull was doing his best behind me. I can't say exactly how it was done, but it wasn't many seconds before I found myself in one of these cottonwood trees, out of reach of the bull, who was immediately under the tree, pawing and acting very mad. I shall always believe that I was hoisted into that tree by the bull, although I had no evidence to show for it.

"The bull pawed and grumbled in under the tree for a few minutes, and then turned and walked toward the thicket, on the creek side of which there was a water hole. The other cattle went quietly to grazing where I had left them.

"I suppose the bull started toward the thicket to get a drink at the water hole, but he never got the drink. I saw him push his way into the thicket, and the next instant I could see that he had got into trouble of some kind, and that trouble proved to be a grizzly bear. A fierce struggle followed in the thicket. The tops of the bushes swayed to and fro, and I could hear the heavy crash of driftwood as the two powerful animals writhed in fierce embrace. A cloud of dust rolled up from the spot. It was not distant over a hundred yards from the tree in which I had taken refuge. Scarcely two minutes elapsed before the bull broke through the bushes. His head was covered with blood and great flakes of flesh hung from his fore shoulder.

"But instead of showing any signs of defeat he seemed literally to glow with defiant rage. Instinct had simply prompted him in his retreat to seek an open space. He was lithe and wiry, yet wonderfully massive about the shoulders, combining the rarest qualities of strength and symmetry. For a moment he stood glaring at the bushes he had retreated from, his nostrils distended, and his whole form fixed and rigid. But scarcely had I time to note all this, when the bear, a huge, repulsive-looking brute, broke through the opening. He was the most formidable specimen of his kind I had ever seen, and my sympathies were at once with the bull, in spite of his belligerent attitude toward me a few minutes before, but I had my serious doubts about the final result of the combat that began at once.

"That combat was a trial of brute force that no words of mine are adequate to describe. When the bear made his appearance out of the thicket the bull did not wait for his contestant's charge, but, lowering his great head to the ground, he rushed madly upon the bear. The latter seemed to appreciate the abilities of the bull, and summoned all the wariness of his nature to his aid. He waited until the bull was almost upon him, and then sprang aside with marvelous quickness, seized his assailant's horns in his powerful grasp and pressed his head down against the ground by his great strength and the weight of his enormous body, biting at the bull's nose and tearing the flesh from his neck and shoulders with his long sharp claws. This position was maintained for at least five minutes, the bull struggling to free his head, but being unable to accomplish it, while the bear put forth every muscle to press the bull's body to the ground. The blood poured from the bull's nostrils in great streams, but the bear had as yet received no apparent injury.

"Presently both animals paused in their desperate struggle, as each was blown and rapidly approaching exhaustion. The bear did not relax the hold he had obtained on his contestant. As yet during the fight neither animal had uttered a sound, except their loud and labored breathing. The cessation in the struggle had probably been of ten minutes' duration, when suddenly the bull made one desperate lunge, broke the motionless but terrible embrace, hurled the bear from off his head, and backed away probably ten paces. The bear lifted his huge form on his haunches and stood ready for the next assault. The herd of cattle had by this time gathered in from the plain and surrounded the combatants, moaning and bellowing and pawing up the ground, but maintaining a terrified neutrality. From my position in the tree I watched the exciting scene with breathless interest.

"The bull did not remain at rest a moment after breaking away for a new charge, but rendered furious by his wounds, he gathered all his energies and with an unearthly cry rushed with impetuous force and ferocity upon the bear. The latter attempted to use the tactics that had served him so well at the first onslaught, but the second charge of the bull was irresistible, in spite of the bear terrific blows with his paws, and the grizzly went down in the dust before his crazed antagonist, and vainly tried to defend himself. The bull thrust his horns in under the bear, caught

him in the belly with one of the sharp weapons and with one furious sweep of his head tore the grizzly open. Then the grizzly rose to his feet, and with a roar that made my blood run cold closed with his terrible enemy and for a long time the two fought, their cries and the cries of the surrounding cattle being frightful to listen to.

"While the fight was going on two gray eagles appeared from some mysterious aerie and circled above the scene of the conflict. Almost simultaneously with the appearance of the eagles I saw the heads of half a dozen hungry wolves emerge from the bushes where the fight had begun. I knew that the battle must soon end, and that the eagles and the wolves had scented the contest from afar, and knew by their infallible instinct that it must result in choice prey for them. The presence of these hungry birds and beasts of prey added to the terror of the conflict.

"The terrible fight continued. The ground was torn up and covered with blood for many feet around. Both animals were grievously wounded. It was plain that neither could hold out much longer. Maimed and torn, they fought with the certainty of death, the bear rolling over and over in the dust, vainly trying to avoid the fatal horns of his adversary, and the bull ripping, thrusting and tearing the grizzly with irresistible ferocity. At last, as if determined to end the conflict the bull drew back, lowered his head and made a third terrific charge, but, blinded by the streams of blood that poured down his face, he missed his mark, stumbled and rolled headlong on the ground. In spite of his frightful injuries and great exhaustion, the bear turned quickly and sprang upon his prostrate enemy. He seemed to have been suddenly invigorated by this turn of the battle in his favor. With merciless sweeps of his huge claws he tore the flesh in great masses from the bull's upturned side.

"The advantage the bear thus obtained over the bull seemed to be understood by the herd, and the bellowing increased, dirt was thrown about in clouds, and one big cow drew near the struggling animals, and I believed for a moment that she intended to go to the aid of the herd's prostrate leader, so fierce was her aspect and actions, but she simply circled around the bear and the bull, bellowing and pawing. In the meantime both the eagles and the wolves grew impatient of the delay in the battle's ending. The former would now and then swoop down, as if to hurry up the finish, uttering harsh cries, and some waiting wolf would steal from his covert and make a closer and more courageous reconnoissance, snapping and snarling in apparent disappointment.

"The bull and the bear rolled over and over in the terrible death struggle. Nothing was now to be seen but a heaving mass, dimly perceptible through the dust. As to weight, the two fierce and determined brutes must have been about equally matched. The bear had the advantage of greater agility and the expert and telling use of two terrible weapons—his teeth and claws—while the bull represented more inflexible courage and greater powers of endurance. The unfortunate result of the bull's charge on the grizzly indicated that the latter's qualities would in a few minutes

more settle the fight against the bull, and I was in momentary expectation of seeing such a termination, when, to my astonishment, I saw the bear relax his efforts, roll over from the body of his prostrate foe, and drag himself feebly away from the spot. His appearance was sickening to me, so frightfully had he been ripped and torn by the bull's horns. The grizzly had no sooner abandoned his attack on the bull than the latter was on his feet, bearing himself as erect and fierce as ever.

"If the bear's appearance was sickening, the bull's was doubly so. He was covered with blood from his forehead to his rump, and his flesh and skin actually hung in strips and tatters from his head and sides. Giving his head a shake that scattered blood in a shower about him, and gave him a moment's sight of the reeking bear in front of him, he lowered his head for the fourth time, and again made one of his terrific charges. When the dying bear had dragged himself away from the bull, the eagles actually swooped down upon him, and the wolves sprang from the thicket into the opening and prepared to pounce upon him. The bull scattered the impatient birds and animals as he swept on his final charge against the grizzly, and they departed, shrieking and snarling. The cattle again added their bellowing to that of the bull's, and acted as if they understood the favorable turn the fight had taken. As the bull hurled himself against the grizzly, the latter braced himself for a last desperate struggle. He struck out wildly with his paws, and the bull fell back with the force of the grizzly's blows, presenting a ghastly spectacle.

"His tongue hung from his mouth a mangled mass of shreds. His face was stripped bare of flesh to the bone, and his eyes were torn from their sockets. The charge was equally disastrous to the bear, he being ripped completely open, and he sank to the ground writhing in his agony. The indomitable courage of the bull here prevailed. Blinded and crippled as he was, he made but a single pause after his fourth assault, and then dashed wildly at his foe again. The grizzly's roar now seemed to be one of terror. With a last frantic effort he sought to make his escape, scrambling and staggering through the dust. But it was useless. His great strength was gone. The bull plunged his horns again and again into the huge form of the dying brute as he lay stretched helpless in the dust. He drew his immense paws up once or twice in convulsive clutches, raised his huge head, gave one agonizing groan and fell back dead.

"The victorious bull raised his bloody, horribly disfigured crest, gave voice to a deep bellow, and, shaking his head triumphantly, turned and walked away. His progress was slow and painful, and he stopped and turned at short intervals and listened, as if to know whether his foe would renew the battle. He walked nearly a hundred yards, with his herd gathering and bellowing about him. Presently his head drooped from its proud position. He spread his legs apart as if to brace himself against the weakness that was stealing upon him.

"Suddenly he fell as if he had been shot and was soon dead.

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

A FAITHFUL DOG.

"As faithful as a dog" has been forcefully brought to the attention of this community by the faithfulness of the dog owned by Harry Uhe, of Charles City, La.

Uhe went to his farm to fell some trees and laid a heavy sweater on the ground previous to engaging in his work, and bade the dog, who had accompanied him, to watch the sweater.

The young man had his right leg broken by a falling tree and was taken to his home. The dog was faithful to his trust, and three days later passers-by found him still "on guard" apparently not having forsaken his post nor broken his long fast.

BEAR BULLETPROOF

Samuel Crone, a Shamokin, Pa., butcher, encountered a bear that weighed about 400 pounds, dropped the animal with a bullet from his rifle, but was startled to see the bear rise and, howling with pain, race toward him on all-fours.

Two fore shots were fired and struck the tough hide of the animal, inflicting painful wounds, but each time the bear refused to stay down, and by the time it was ten feet in front of Crone the latter's weapon jammed.

Desperate, the hunter decided to battle with the stock of his rifle as a club and stood his ground as the animal rose on its hind legs as if to rush him. Suddenly the bear changed its mind, turned and ran limping into the woods.

KARASAKI PINE TREE LIVED 1,200 YEARS

The famous old pine tree of Karasaki, on the shore of Lake Biwa, famous in song and legend and visited by thousands of pilgrims every year as one of the eight beautiful scenes of Lake Biwa, is dead, the Japan Advertiser reports. This ancient pine was said to be 1,200 years old, having lived from the time of the Nara Epoch. Last year it withered and died.

Recently there was held on the shores of Lake Biwa a ceremony "to transfer the spirit" of the ancient tree into a younger tree that will succeed to the honor and near-worship which has

been bestowed on the "Karasaki no matsu." The youthful successor of the veteran which has passed is only 350 years old and is claimed to have sprung from seed cast by the old tree. The solemn ceremony was held under the direction of Kasai, priest of the Hiyoshi Shrine, in the presence of more than 100 of the highest dignitaries of Shiga prefecture.

The ancient pine was of that low spreading variety often seen in this country. Although only 30 feet in height, its branches covered a span of 163 feet from east to west and 154 feet from north to south. Its wide spreading branches cast shadows over 4,200 square feet.

The new tree is twenty feet in height and eleven feet five inches in circumference of trunk. Area by its branches covered is only 1,500 square feet. But this tree has 850 years to reach the size of the ancient pine of Karasaki.

LAUGHS

He—I would like to look at a flat, my dear. She—Why don't you? There's the looking-glass in front of you.

"Do you find any trouble writing stories, Dawdly?" "None whatever. But I'd pay a man well that could sell them for me."

"Papa, what is the difference between the quick and the dead?" "The quick, my child, are those who hop out of the road in time."

Freddie—Say, dad, what's morbid curiosity? Cobwigger—That's what the fellow has who butts in ahead of you and keeps you from anything.

Mistress—Say, Mary, how is it there's so much dust under the bed? Servant—Shure, mum, that's where I always sweep it.

"Is your husband a good man?" "Yes; he's a good man. I can't complain. But he always sneaks out the back way whenever the minister calls."

"Say, are you going away for a rest?" "No, to escape arrest." "Your answer is about as clear as mud." "Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

New York Uncle—Come over here, Tommy, and I'll show you my new knife. It has six blades and a corkscrew. Kentucky Boy—What are the blades for?

Mr. Gotham (looking over the market reports)—The paper says there was quite a flurry in beef yesterday. Mrs. Gotham—Gracious me! Did some more steers break loose?

Modest Suitor—I am going to marry your sister, Willie, but I know I am not good enough for her. Candid Little Brother—That's what sis says, but ma's been telling her she can't do any better.

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

ISLAND WHERE STONES BUY BREAD

In the Island of Uep, one of the Caroline group, the queerest money in the world is used. It is in the form of thick stone circles, in diameter from 1 to 12 feet, and having a hole in the middle through which a pole is passed, to carry the "money" when it exchanges hands. The value of this stone coinage grows with its size, and it has to be of fine white limestone, otherwise it is a bad "coin" and will not be accepted. In Uep folks leave their currency outside their huts. All these strange moneys pass through traders' hands and ultimately in the far away centers of civilization are represented by real money.

BIG SHEEP BARN

Henry C. Schnack has just completed one of the largest and most modern sheep barns in Kansas at his farm near Larned, Kas.

The building is 50 by 250 feet in dimensions, with a height of 24 feet at the center, at which point the barn is two stories high. The barn contains 120 windows, which makes it one of the best lighted barns in Kansas.

It is connected direct with Schnack's two big cement silos, which have a capacity of 500 tons. The big hay mow will hold 500 tons of hay. The barn may be used for either cattle or sheep, but just at present Schnack has 4,000 lambs and it is being used for these.

The barn will be electric lighted, is equipped with an underground watering system, and the sheep can be watered either outside the barn or within the barn, in compartments that hold 600 sheep each.

10,381,309 NEGROES IN UNITED STATES

The extent of Negro migration from the South to the North and West is shown in statistics of the 1920 census made public recently.

The total number of Negroes born and living in the United States proper on Jan. 1, 1920, was 10,381,309. The number of Southern-born Negroes living in the North and West increased from 440,534 in 1910 to 780,794 in 1920.

The greater increase in Negro inhabitants among the Northern and Western cities in the ten years are shown by New York, Philadelphia, Chicago (100 per cent.), Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit (800 per cent.), Los Angeles and Indianapolis. In 1910-1920 the Negro population of New York increased from 91,709 to 152,467, of whom 80,116 were females and 72,351 males. Philadelphia, second largest in Negro population, jumped from 84,459 to 139,229. In 1910 the Negro population of Chicago was 44,103; in 1920 it was 100,458.

TWO SILVER TIP GRIZZLIES CAUGHT

The Park Commissioners of Seattle, Wash., have just received a pair of half-grown silver-tip grizzly bears from British Columbia.

Very few zoos in the world have these species of bears, for they are now nearly extinct. The zoo at Woodland Park has had an over-abundance of hay-eating animals, as deer, elk, moose and buffalo, so in an exchange with the zoo at Victoria, where there were too many carnivorous animals, the local park gets the pair of grizzlies, two cougars, three lynx and two young tigers.

The Woodland Park Zoo was the recipient the past year of many wild animals and birds from tourists and business people from Alaska. The group of full-grown polar bears number seven, and are the attraction of the zoo. There are now eleven species of eagles, ten kinds of owls, many hawks and buzzards.

An interesting exhibit is the field of kangaroos of five species ranging from the smallest to the giant, standing four feet five inches high. These are from Australia and number twenty-four pairs. The herds of buffalo, elk and deer multiply rapidly, so that every few years it is necessary to sell some of them or trade with neighboring zoos for other specimens.

OLDEST COWBOY WORKING AT 90

One of America's oldest cowboys is Andrew Heroeson, ninety years young. "Uncle Herb" is employed on a ranch at Okanogan, Wash., herding sheep twelve hours a day and hasn't missed a payday for forty years, according to Orvold Linnton, his boss.

"Uncle Herb" is a little, wiry fellow, bald-headed, with a scattered fuzzy beard, but does not look the years he has weathered the old earth. The boss gives him orders every morning just where to take the flock for the day and "Uncle Herb" mounts his herd pony, sees that his rifle is strapped to the back of the saddle, and guides the sheep into the hills or woods.

The old time herder is toothless, so he lives on bread and milk, but his favorite dish is beef stew.

"Getting a thrill every day is what keeps me young," declared the grizzled sheep herder just before leaving for the hills, "and I guess them pesky varmints, the cougars, are what produce the stimulant for me these days."

"When I was a cowboy the Indians used to keep us fellows in condition and the rustlers supplied a few heart-throbs, but now in these hills it's the cougars," said Uncle Herb, puffing at his wheezy pipe.

"Cougars are bold enough to trail even me and this pony, some days," continued the old man, "but it is more than one of the pests that makes trouble. It is two of them. One will stampede the sheep and another likely takes a young lamb that runs tangent to the main body. I always watch the edges. Last month I brought in two dead varmints and Linnton there, divided the bounty with me. Bought this saddle, heh heh, giddap."

Old Herb says he will die in the saddle when his day comes.

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THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

A PEST OF RED ANTS

If you have taken an apartment for a month and paid a big rental for it in advance it is a little irksome to be evicted the day after you move in and without hope of redress. However, that is what is happening to American and other visitors in that part of France around Toulon.

The evictions are not carried out by bailiffs, but by formidable red ants. They have invaded the district in millions and are eating up gardens and even getting into beds, where they resent human company. The only way to keep them out of the house is to cover the carpets with gasoline, and even this method is not always effective.

The invasion is worst in the village of Tamaris, whence the inhabitants are fleeing and demand that the Government do something to rid the district of the pests.

WHERE DO ELEPHANTS DIE?

African hunters are setting out to try and discover the unknown retreats where elephants spend their last hours on earth.

The location of these graveyards has always been one of the most fascinating of the world's mysteries. The bodies of elephants which have died from natural causes are never found either in Africa, Burmah or India, and it seems certain that they must have some secret place to which they travel toward the end of their lives.

Skillful hunters have for ages tried to find a solution of the mystery, but they have always returned from their expeditions without having solved the problem; even the natives, from whom few secrets of the wild animals are hidden, are no wiser.

The man who finds an elephant graveyard will have made his fortune, for all the ivory left by generations of elephants will be there.

A STRANGE PERFORMANCE

Mrs. Margaret Ryan, of Chicago, Ill., who has been studying sociology, remembered the teachings contained in her book the other night when she encountered a youth who was bent on holding her up. Mrs. Ryan lectured the youth severely.

"I'm shocked at you," she declared, when the youth held a pistol in her direction. "A boy of your obvious breeding. What would your mother say if she knew you were out threatening people with a pistol? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, committing robbery and murder like that. It's such things that get a nice young fellow like you into jail."

"Can the chatter and kick in," admonished the youth. Mrs. Ryan forgot herself at this point and boxed the youth's ears. She regretted her action when the youth began to weep. As Mrs. Ryan was apologizing for her hasty action and the weeping youth was talking of his plans to reform, he grabbed her purse containing \$90 and ran.

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ONLY TWO OF TWELVE HUGE GERMAN GUNS TURNED IN

The most mysterious problem growing out of the war has not yet been solved. What has become of the "Big Bertha" guns with which the Germans shelled Paris and which they intended to develop so as to send high explosives across the Channel? Only one gun was found intact and a second partly dismantled, but allied control officials have been informed that at least a dozen such guns had been completed when the armistice stopped operations.

All demands for the details of their destruction, however, are being met with shrugs of astonishment and the suggestion that they were probably broken up for scrap with other material—which the Allies know is untrue.

As tests are known to have been carried out on the sandy shores of the North Sea, the Control Commission is now considering sending a group of plain clothes investigators to patrol the long range sand dunes with the idea of ascertaining if the Germans have merely buried their long range weapons with their secret appliances until a good opportunity arises to use them effectively against their enemy.

FINDS A CASTAWAY ON SOUTH SEA ISLAND

A twentieth century Robinson Crusoe has been discovered by Professor William H. Nobbs of the Geology Department of the University of Michigan, on the island of Kusai, one of the Carolina group.

Professor Nobbs arrived in Manila recently, after pursuing his geological investigations in the southeast and reported to Acting Governor Charles E. Yeater that he had found Captain Leander West, of the American bark Horatio, which was wrecked in 1901 on the Caroline Islands, living on Kusai Island where he is the only white man.

According to the professor, Captain West was befriended by a native chief and admitted to the chief's tribe, but now he wants to return to the United States. Only five ships, all Japanese, call at the island yearly, and Captain West was not able to get passage on any of them. He has been paralyzed for the last year and a half, and has not been able to work. He is being supported by the natives.

Governor Yeater said that he would forward to Washington Professor Nobbs' recommendation for the return to the United States of Captain West.

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DR. J. E. CANNADAY

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 1991 Court Bldg., Sedalia, Mo.

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3rd Prize	10	125	250	500
4th Prize	10	60	125	250
5th Prize	10	40	75	150
6th Prize	6	25	50	100
7th Prize	6	20	40	80
8th Prize	6	15	30	60
9th Prize	2	10	20	40
10th to 15th	2	10	20	40

If your answer wins First Prize and you have taken a six month's subscription, you get \$1,000. But if you have taken a year's subscription, the First Prize would bring you \$2,000. Only new or renewal subscriptions sent in during the contest period qualify.

Get Busy Now Send your list in right away. Send a year's subscription (either for yourself or someone else) at the same time qualify for the \$2,000 prize.

Read These Rules Carefully:

- 1 Any man, woman or child, living in America who is not an employee or related to an employee of Woman's Weekly, may submit an answer. There is no entrance fee.
- 2 All answers must be received not later than office closing time, March 20, 1922.
- 3 Write lists of words on one side of paper and number all words (1, 2, 3, etc.). Write full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you have anything else to write, use separate sheet.
- 4 Only words that appear in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use obsolete words. Where the plural of a word is used, the singular will not be counted, and vice versa.
- 5 Words of the same spelling will be counted only once, even though used to designate different objects or articles. An object or article can be named only once.
- 6 Do not use compound words, nor words formed by the combination of two or more complete English words, where each word is in itself an object.
- 7 The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects and articles shown in the picture that begin with the letter "B" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style, or handwriting have no bearing on the decision of prizes.
- 8 Contestants may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group of persons where two or more have been working together.
- 9 If a contestant sends more than one list under the same name, or assumed name, or a pre-married name, then all lists of such contestants will be disqualified. If more than one list is sent by any group who have co-operated in the preparation of such lists, then all lists of such contestants will be disqualified.
- 10 Three independent judges, having no connection with Woman's Weekly, will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest, and contestants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive.
- 11 In case of tie for any prize offered, full amount of such prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.
- 12 All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not a subscription for Woman's Weekly is sent in.
- 13 The announcement of the winners will be printed in Woman's Weekly as soon as possible after the close of the contest.

(Extra enlarged copies of Puzzle Picture sent free on request.)

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